

P O E T R Y

Made familiar and easy to
Young Gentlemen and Ladies,

A N D

Embellished with a great Variety of the most
shining EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, SONGS,
ODES, PASTORALS, &c. from the best
Authors.

Being the

F O U R T H V O L U M E

O F T H E

CIRCLE of the SCIENCES.

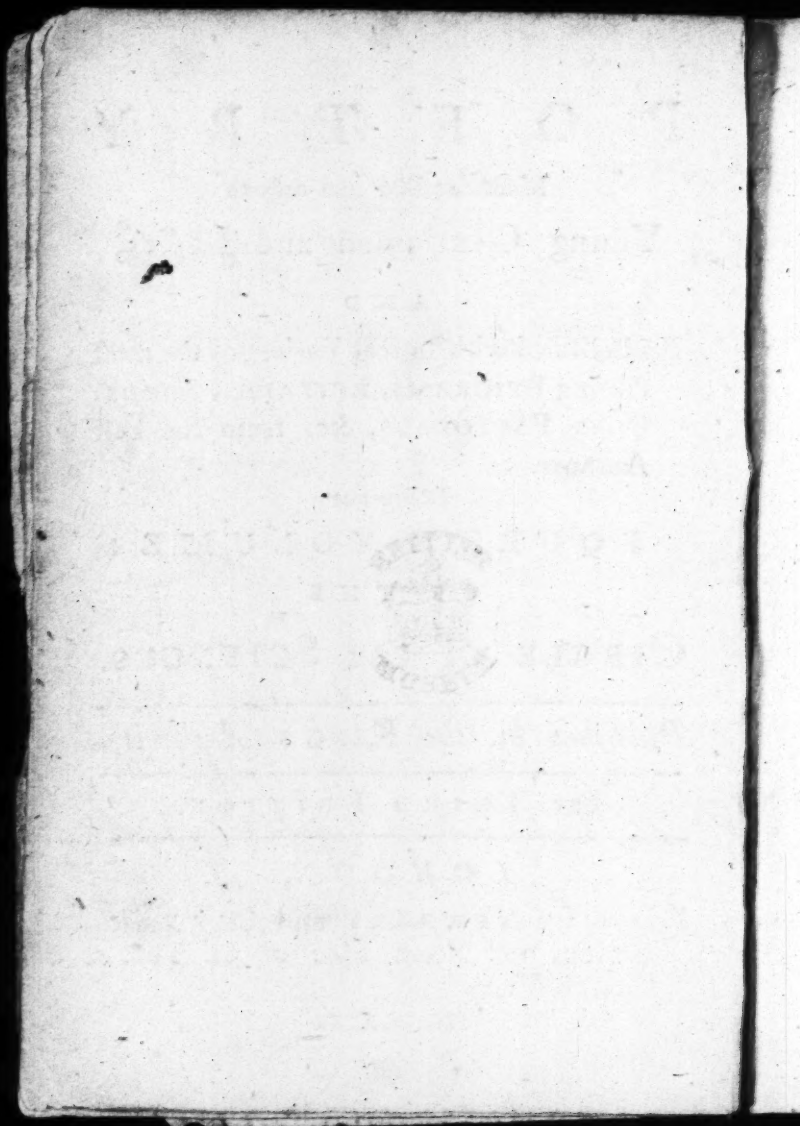
Published by the KING's Authority.

The T H I R D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N,

Printed for NEWBERRY and CARNAN,
No. 65, the North Side of St. Paul's
Church-Yard.

MDCCLXIX.



To Her Highness

Princess A U G U S T A,

T H I S

A R T O F P O E T R Y

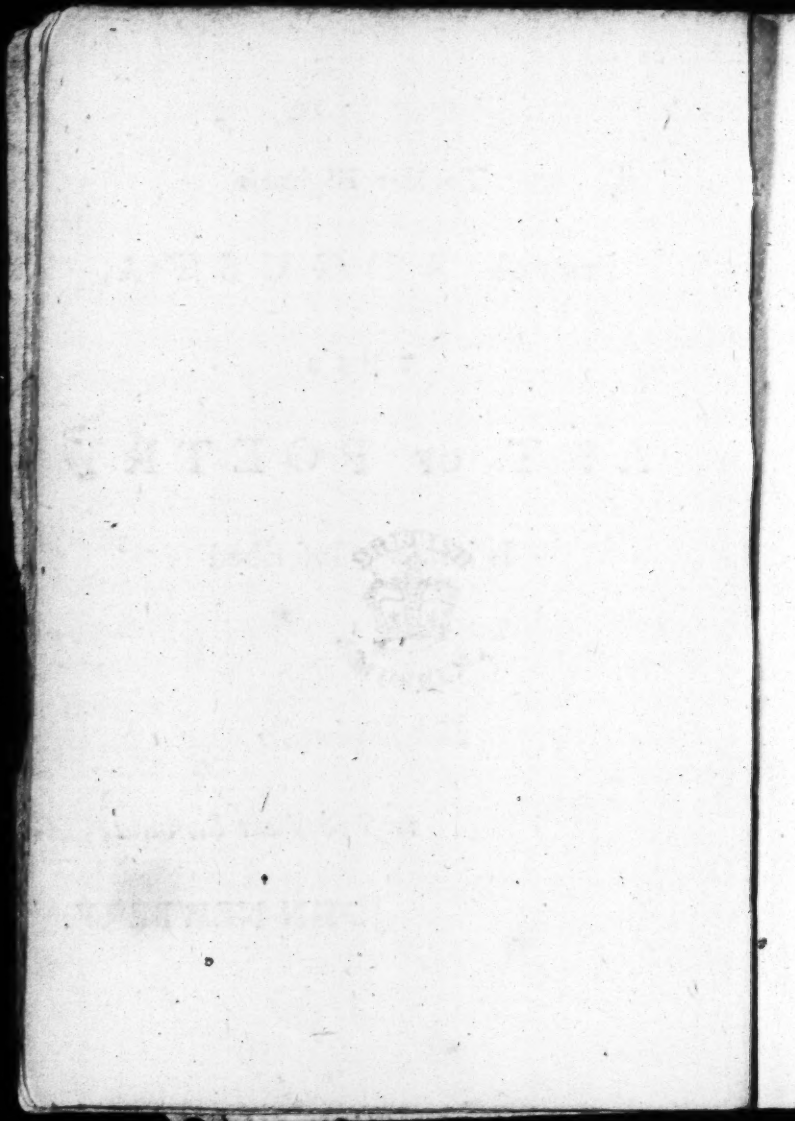
Is humbly Inscribed

B Y

Her Highness's

most obedient Servant,

JOHN NEWBERY.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS every Branch of Literature, of what Nature or Kind soever, should be rendered an agreeable Amusement to young Minds, rather than a serious Occupation, we shall make it our principal Aim, throughout our **LITTLE CIRCLE**, to strew (if we may be indulged the Expression) the Path to Knowledge, as it were, with Roses, and to render This and every **FUTURE ATTEMPT** as useful and entertaining as possible.

The **DESIGN** of the following Sheets is to give our *British* Youth a transient Idea of *English* Poesy; and therefore, not to anticipate their

Pleasure too much, we shall here only just touch upon the Antiquity, Nature, and Beauty of that ART which we have endeavoured to display in the most familiar Manner, and to recommend by a Variety of beautiful Quotations from our politest and most approved Poets.

Without any farther Apology, therefore, we shall now proceed to the Point in hand.

POETRY, then, according to the Opinion of the late celebrated and justly admired *Monf. Rollin*, is an Art as ancient as the World, and derives its Source from Nature herself. Its peculiar (if not its only) Task in the earliest Ages of the World, was to celebrate the Praises of the GREAT AUTHOR of the
 3 Universe.

Universe. This was the noble Use that the *Israelites* of old made of it, who were God's peculiar People. The Nations, however, who forsook the Lord of Life, and ungratefully despised him, to pursue their own perverse and wicked Ways, soon transferred to the meanest Objects that Tribute of Adoration which was due only to the ALMIGHTY.

At length, through the most deplorable Blindness, it was still farther debased, and made use of to paint, in the most lively and agreeable Colours, the then reigning Vices of the Age, and to render the most infamous Passions more amiable than Virtue itself.—Amazing Stupidity! most fatal Consequences of the shameful Depravity of Mankind!

Notwithstanding the *Greeks*, and the *Romans* after them, made much the same deplorable Use of this DIVINE ART, yet they preserved a clear and distinct Notion of its true Character; for they required of their Poets a Fertility of Invention, a Nobleness of Sentiment, and the most sublime Expression; they required, in short, an Enthusiasm, which, in their exalted Idea of it, was next to a Divine Inspiration. But how seldom do we find so many great and valuable Qualifications meet in one Person?

ART can by no Means confer on us an elevated Genius, a sprightly Sense, or a quick Imagination. They derive their Source, as we have before observed, from Nature, or, in
other

other Terms, are the invaluable Blessings of Heaven itself.

We must, in a Word, *be born Poets*; for this Divine Art is not to be attained by the most unwearied Industry and Application.

We shall now give our PUPILS a SHORT VIEW of the Nature of POESY, and so conclude, not doubting but, from their due Observance of the respective Rules and Precepts laid down, and the various Examples that are produced in the Body of the subsequent ESSAY, they will soon entertain an adequate Idea of its real Beauties.

The whole Aim and Intention of POESY is to *please* and to *instruct*. In order to please, it borrows from Nature every thing that is gay and delightful

delightful. It adorns its Diction with Number and Harmony; and it never fails to employ the *Marvellous* and *Pathetic* in their proper Places.

And in order that it may instruct as well as please (in an Age so polite as the present) it describes and exposes to View, in the strongest Point of Light, Virtue in all its Beauty and Perfection, and Vice in all its most abhorrent Shapes: And by a great Variety of Examples, artfully introduced, it steals upon our Affections, and induces us to embrace the One, and eschew the Other: And should any of our READERS be but *One Virtue* the better for these our honest Endeavours, we shall not think our Labour ill bestowed.

THE
A R T
O F
P O E T R Y.

CHAP. I.

*Containing a Definition of POETRY,
and the Qualifications of a true POET.*

Q. WHAT is Poetry?
A. It is the Art of *composing*
Poems, or Pieces in Verse. Q. And

Q. And is a Skill in making Verses all that is requisite to form a *Poet*?

A. No; that is one of the least Qualifications of a good Poet: For a Person of an indifferent Genius may be taught to compose Verses that will flow smoothly, and sound well to the Ear, which yet may be of no Value for want of strong Sense, Propriety and Elevation of Thought, or Purity of Diction. A true Poet is distinguished by a Fruitfulness of Invention, a lively Imagination tempered by a solid Judgment, a Nobleness of Sentiments and Ideas, and a bold, lofty, and figurative Manner of Expression. He thoroughly understands the Nature of his Subject; and, let his Poem be never so short, he forms a Design or Plan, by which every Verse is directed to a certain End, and each has a just Dependence on the other; for it is this produces the Beauty of
faction

Order and Harmony, and gives Satisfaction to a rational Mind.—The Duke of *Buckingham*, in his *Essay on Poetry*, very justly observes:

Numbers, and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound
Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts:
For all in vain these superficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the Whole,
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul*;
A *Spirit*, which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;
A Heat, which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ;
'Tis *something of divine*, and more than Wit;
Itself unseen, yet all Things by it shown;
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.

Q. How can this true *Genius* for *Poetry* be obtained?

A. A Poetical *Genius* is the *Gift of Nature*, and cannot be *acquired*; nor can the Want of it be supplied by Art or Industry: But where such a *Genius* is found, it may be assisted by proper
Rules

Rules and Directions ; and such I shall endeavour to lay down.

C H A P. II.

*Of the Structure of English VERSE,
and of RHYME.*

2. **W**HICH are the first Things to be learned in order to make Verses ?

A. You must understand (what perhaps you know already) that Syllables are distinguished into *long* and *short*, and this Length or Shortness is called their *Quantity*. Of *two*, *three*, and sometimes more Syllables, the Ancients formed their *Poetical Feet*, giving each of them a different Name. Thus a Foot consisting of two long Syllables was called a *Spondee* ; of a short one followed by a long one, an *Iambus* ;
of

of a long one followed by two short ones, a *Dactyl*, &c. And of these Feet they compos'd various Kinds of Verses.

Q. Have we such Poetical Feet in the *English* Language?

A. There is very little Variety of Feet in the *English* Poetry, the *Iambus* being, as it were the sole Regent of our Verse, especially of our *Heroics*, which consist of five short and five long Syllables intermixed alternately, though this Order is sometimes beautifully varied by our best Poets, as an excellent Writer observes:

Two Syllables our *English* Feet compose,
But *Quantities* distinguish them from *Prose*.
By *Long* and *Short*, in various Stations plac'd,
Our *English* Verse harmoniously is grac'd:
With *Short* and *Long* Heroic Feet we raise,
But these to vary is the Poet's Praise;
For the *same Sounds perpetually* disgust,
Dryden to this Variety was just.

After all, the *Quantity* of the Syllables
in ours, and other modern Languages,
is

is not well fixed; and little Regard is had to it in the Composition of Verses. The *Number* of Syllables, the *Pause*, and the *Seat of the Accent*, are the chief Things to be considered in the *English* Versification.

Q. What do you mean by *Accent*?

A. It is a particular Strefs or Force of the Voice, laid upon any Syllable in speaking, as upon *fi* in *finite*, upon *in* in *infinite*, &c.

Q. Is the Accent laid upon the same Syllables in Verse as in Prose?

A. Yes; and in *English* Verse it is the Accent that denominates a Syllable *long*, rather than the *Nature* of the *Vowel*, *Diphthong*, &c. though *Accent* and *Quantity* are, in reality, two different Things.

Q. Where then is the Difficulty of making Verses, if it be only to put together a certain Number of Syllables?

A. It is not enough that Verses have their

their just Number of Syllables, but the Words must be so disposed as that the *Accents* and the *Pause* may fall in such and such Places as to render them harmonious and pleasing to the Ear.

Q. What do you mean by the *Pause*?

A. It is a small *Rest* or *Stop* which is made in pronouncing the longer Sorts of Verses, dividing them into two Parts, each of which is called an *Hemistich*, or *Half-Vers*: But this Division is not always equal, that is, one of the Hemistichs does not always contain the same Number of Syllables as the other. This Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent, that is strongest in the first Hemistich; for the *Pause* is to be made at the End of the Word where such Accent happens, or at the End of the Word following; as will presently be shewn.

Q. Is nothing else to be observed in the *English* Versification?

B

A. *Metre*,

A. Metre, or Measure, which is such an harmonious Disposition of a certain Number of Syllables as above mentioned, is all that is absolutely necessary to constitute English Verse, but Rhyme is generally added to make it more delightful.

Q. What is Rhyme?

*A. It is a likeness of Sound between the last Syllable or Syllables of one Verse, and the last Syllable or Syllables of another. — When only one Syllable at the End of one Line rhymes to one Syllable at the End of another, it is called single Rhyme, as made, trade; confess, distress: But when the two last Syllables are alike in Sound, as drinking, thinking; able, table; it is called Double Rhyme. We have also some Instances of Triple Rhyme, where the three last Syllables chime together, as Charity, Parity, &c. But this is seldom or never admitted in serious Subjects, and in
such*

such the *Double Rhyme* is to be used but sparingly.

Q. Have you any other Instructions to give me concerning *Rhyme*?

A. Yes; You are to observe, that the Consonants which precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must be different in each Verse; so that *Light* and *Delight*, *Vice* and *Advice*, *move* and *remove*, must not be made to rhyme together; for though the Words are different enough, the rhyming Syllables are exactly the same, and Rhyme consists rather in a *Likeness* than a *Sameness* of Sound. From hence it follows, that a Word cannot rhyme to itself, nor even Words that differ both in Signification and Orthography, if they have the same Sound, as *Heir, Air,; Prey, pray; blew, blue, &c.* Such Rhymes, indeed, and others equally bad, as *Nation and Affection, Villany and Gentry, follow and Willow*, where the Likeness is not sufficient,

ficient, were allowed of in the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of our ancient Poets, but are by no Means to be admitted in our modern Compositions. It may be farther observed, that the rhyming of Words depends upon their Likeness of *Sound*, not of *Orthography*; for *laugh* and *quaff*, though differently written, rhyme very well together; but *Plough* and *Cough*, though their Terminations are alike, rhyme not at all.

Q. What do you call that Sort of Verse which has no Rhyme?

A. It is called *Blank Verse*; of which I shall give you some Specimens hereafter.

Q. What Number of Syllables do our Verses consist of?

A. We have Verses of several Measures, containing seldom less than *four*, nor more than *fourteen* Syllables; in speaking of which I shall begin with those that are mostly in Use. CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Of the several Sorts of English VERSES.

2. **W**HAT Sorts of Verses are chiefly used in our Poetry ?

A. Those of *ten, eight, and seven* Syllables ; especially the first Sort, which are used in Heroic Poems, Tragedies, Elegies, Pastorals, and many other Subjects, but generally those that are grave and serious.

2. On what Syllables must the Accent fall in this Kind of Verse ?

A. In this Sort the Words are commonly so disposed, that the Accent may fall on every *second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth* Syllable ; as in the two following Lines :

From vúlgar Bóunds with bráve Disórder part,
And snátch a Gráce beyónd the Reách of A'rt.

But (as has been intimated already) this Order may be frequently dispensed with, without destroying the Harmony of the Verse ; nay, it adds a peculiar Beauty to the Poetry, to indulge such a Variety now and then, especially in the first and second Syllables of the Line, of which the following is an Instance, where the Accent is on the first Syllable, and not on the second :

Nów to the Máin the búrning Sún descénds.

2 Where is the Pause to be in Verses of this Kind ?

A. This (as I have before observed) is determined by the Seat of the most prevailing Accent in the first Half Verse, which ought to be either on the *second*, *fourth*, or *sixth* Syllable ; and the Pause must

must immediately follow the Word where the Accent happens, or the Word after it.

Q. Cannot you give me some Examples of this ?

A. Yes ; in the following Lines you have Instances of each of the Cases mentioned, where the ruling Accent only is marked, and the Pause denoted by a Dash —.

First Case.

As búsy — as intensitive Emmets are.
Despise it — and more noble Thoughts pursue.

Second Case.

Belinda smil'd — and all the World was gay.
So fresh the Wound is — and the Grief so vast.

Third Case.

Some have at first for Wits — then Poets pass'd.
And since he could not save her — with her dy'd.

Q. Is the Pause not to be allowed of in any other Places of a Verse but where it is in these Examples ?

A. Yes, sometimes it is ; but then the Verses are not quite so agreeable to the Ear, as is evident from the following Instance ;

Bright *Hesper* twinkles from afar — Away
My Kids — for you have had a Feast to-day.

Here is nothing disagreeable in the Structure of these Verses but the Pause, which in the first of them (you see) is after the *eighth* Syllable, and in the latter after the *second* ; whereas so unequal a Division cannot produce any true Harmony

Q. How shall I know the Accent which determines the Pause ?

A. It must be confessed, the prevailing Accent is sometimes not easily distinguished, as when two or three in the
same

same Verse seem equally strong ; in which Case the Sense and Construction of the Words must be your Guide. And after all, a Person who has a tolerable Ear for Poetry, will have little Occasion for Rules concerning the *Pause* or the *Accents*, but will naturally so dispose his Words as to create a certain Harmony, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Sense.

2. After the Verses of *ten* Syllables, what Sort is most frequent in our Poetry ?

A. Those of *eight*, whereof we have many entire Poems.

2. What is to be observed in the Structure of these Verses ?

A. In these, as in the former, the Accents generally fall on every second Syllable, but not without Exception, as you will see in the following Example :

A shów'r of sóft and fleécy Rain
Fáls, to new-clóath the Eárrh agáin :
Behóld the Móuntains Tóps around,
As íf with Fúr of E'rmin crówn'd.

Q. What Sort of Verses do you next
take notice of ?

A. Those of *seven* Syllables, which
are called *Anacreontic*, from *Anacreon*,
a *Greek* Poet, who wrote in Verse of
that Measure.

Q. Where should the Accents fall in
this Kind of Verse ?

A. On the *first*, *third*, *fifth*, and
seventh Syllables, as in the following
Lines :

Glítt'ring Stones and golden Thíngs,
Wéalth and Hónours thát have Wíngs,
E'ver flútt'ring tó be góne,
Wé can néver cáll our ówn.

As for Verses of *nine* and *eleven* Syllables,
they are not worth our Notice, being
very

very seldom used, except those which are of double Rhyme, and properly belong to the Verses of *eight* and *ten* Syllables.

There is a Kind of Verse of *twelve* Syllables, having the Accent on every *third*, which is only made use of in Subjects of Mirth and Pleasantry, as are those of *eleven* Syllables which run with much the same Cadence. But there is another Sort of *twelve* Syllables, which are now and then introduced amongst our Heroics, being sometimes the last of a *Couplet*, or two Verses, as in the following Instance :

The ling'ring Soul th'unwelcome Doom receives
And, murm'ring with Disdain, — the beauteous
Body leaves.

Sometimes a Verse of this Kind concludes a *Triplet*, or three Lines that rhyme together, where the Sense is full and complete ; as for Example :

B 4

Millions

Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong,
 And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue,
 And round with list'ning Ears — the flying
 Plague is hung.

Here let us observe by the Way, that the Sense ought always to be closed at the End of a Triplet, and not continued to the next Line; though Instances of this Fault (if it be one) are to be found in some of our best Poets.

This Verse of twelve Syllables (which is called the *Alexandrine* or *Alexandrian* from a Poem on the Life of *Alexander*, written or translated into such Verse by some *French* Poets) is also frequently used at the Conclusion of a Stanza in *Lyric* or *Pindaric* Odes, of which we shall speak hereafter. The *Pause*, in these Verses, ought to be at the sixth Syllable, as you see in the foregoing Examples :

In this Place it cannot be amiss to observe, that though the *Alexandrine* Verse, when rightly employed, has an agreeable Effect in our Poetry, it must be used sparingly and with Judgment. Mr. *Pope* has censured the improper Use of it, and at the same Time given us a beautiful Verse of this Kind, in his excellent *Essay on Criticism*, where, speaking of those who regard Versification only, he says :

A needless *Alexandrine* ends the Song,
That, like a wounded Snake, drags its slow
Length along.

Q. When are Verses of *fourteen* Syllables made use of ?

A. Not so often as those of twelve; but they are likewise inserted in Heroic Poems, and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet where the Sense is finished, especially if the preceding
Verse

Verse be of twelve Syllables; as in this
of Mr. *Dryden* :

For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest ;	}
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her	
wavy Breast,	
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer	
Light is blest.	

If these Verses follow one of ten Syllables, the Inequality of the Measure renders them less pleasing ; but this is only in Heroics ; for in Odes they are gracefully placed after Verses of any Number of Syllables whatsoever.

2. What have you to observe relating to the shorter Sorts of Verses ?

A. They are chiefly used in Operas, Odes, and our common Songs ; but they have nothing in them worth Notice. We meet with them of *three*, *four*, *five*, and *six* Syllables ; but those of *four* and *six* are most common, of which let the following Specimen suffice.

The

The Battle near
 When Cowards fear,
 The Drum and Trumpet sounds;
 Their Courage warms,
 They rush to Arms,
 And brave a Thousand Wounds.

Q. Have you no other Rules or Observations to make concerning our Verification?

A. Yes; it is proper to say something of the *Elisions* or *Contractions* that are admitted in our Poetry, according as the Measure requires.

C H A P. IV.

Of the ELISIONS allowed of in English Poetry ; and some miscellaneous Remarks.

Q. **W**HAT do you mean by *Eli-
sion* ?

A. I mean the cutting off one or more Letters, either from the Beginning, Ending, or Middle of a Word, whereby *two* Syllables are contracted into *one*, and are so pronounced.

Q. In what Cases are such Contractions allowable ?

A. In Words of three or more Syllables, which are accented on the last save two, when the Liquid *r* comes between two Vowels, that which precedes the *r* is frequently cut off ; as in *Temperance, Difference, Flatterer, Victory,*

ry, *amorous*, and others; which, though three Syllables, and often used as such in Verse, may be contracted into two when the measure requires it; and this contraction is denoted by a little mark called an *Apostrophe*, the Words being written or printed, *Temp'rance*, *Diff'rence*, *Flatt'rer*, *Vict'ry*, *am'rous*, and pronounced accordingly. An Elision is made of both Vowels before the *r* in *lab'ring*, *endeav'ring*, *neighb'ring*, and such like Words.

Q. Does this Rule hold good of no other Letter but *r*?

A. Sometimes a Vowel is cut off before the other Liquids, *l*, *m*, *n*, when found between two Vowels in Words accented like the former, as in *fab'lous*, *En'my*, *Mar'ner*, instead of *fabulous*, *Enemy*, *Mariner*: But this ought to be avoided, the Sound being harsh and ungraceful.

2. In what other Cases are Contractions made ?

A. Contractions are agreeable enough in some Words of three Syllables, where the Letter *s* happens between two Vowels, the latter of which is cut off; as in *Reas'ning*, *Pris'ner*, *Bus'ness*, &c.

The Letter *o* between *ll* and *w*, in Words of three Syllables, suffers an Elision; as in *Foll'wer*, *bell'wing*, &c.

When the Vowel *e* falls between *v* and *n*, and the Accent lies upon the foregoing Syllable, it is frequently cut off; as in *Heav'n*, *seu'n*, *giv'n*, *driv'n*, &c. The same Vowel is also cut off in the Words *Pow'r*, *Flow'r*, and others of the like Termination.

The Words *never*, *ever*, *over*, may lose the Consonent *v*, and be thus contracted, *ne'er*, *e'er*, *o'er*.

Most Words ending in *ed*, which we contract in our common Discourse, must also

also be contracted in Poetry; as *lov'd*, *threaten'd*, *express'd*, *ador'd*, *abandon'd* &c.

Some Words admit of an Elision of their first Syllable; as *'mong*, *'mongst*, *'tween*, *'twixt*, *'gainst*, *'bove*, &c. are used instead of *among*, *amongst*, *between*, *betwixt*, *against*, *above*, &c.

Instead of *it is*, *it was*, *it were*, *it will*, *it would*, we sometimes use *'tis*, *'twas*, *'twere*, *'twill*, *'twould*. So likewise *by't*, for *by it*; *do't*, for *do it*; *was't*, for *was it*, &c. But these last Contractions are scarce allowable, especially in Heroic Poetry.

Am may lose it's Vowel after *I*; as *I'm* for *I am*: And so may *are* after *we*, *you*, *they*; as *we're*, *you're*, *they're*; for *we are*, *you are*, *they are*. We also sometimes use the Contraction *let's*, for *let us*.

The Word *have* suffers an Elision of it's two first Letters, after *I*, *you*, *we*

they; as *I've*, *you've*, *we've*, *they've*, for *I have*, *you have*, *we have*, *they have*. So *will* and *would* are often contracted after the Personal Pronouns, as *I'll* for *I will*, *he'd* for *he would*, &c. or after *who*, as *who'd*, for *who would*, *who'll* for *who will*.

The Particle *to* sometimes loses it's *o* when it comes before a Verb that begins with a vowel, as *t'avoid*, *t'increase*, *t'undo*, &c. but this Elision is not so allowable before Nouns, and seldom used by correct Writers.

When the Particle *the* comes before a Word that begins with the Vowel or an *b* not aspirated, it generally loses it's *e*; as, *th'immortal*, *th'expressive*, *th'Amazing*, *th'honest*, &c. And sometimes before an aspirated *b* when an *e* follows it; as *th'heroic*, &c. but Elisions of this last kind are not to be commended.

Sometimes the *o* in *who*, and the *y* in *by*, is cut off before Words beginning

ning with a Vowel; as *wb'expose*, for *who expose*; *b'Oppression*, for *by Oppression*: And other Contractions of this Kind are to be met with in some of our Poets; but such a Liberty is by no means to be indulged.

The Pronoun *his* sometimes loses it's first Letters after Words ending with a Vowel, as *to's*, *by's*, for *to his*, *by his*; and after several Words that end with a Consonant, as *in's*, *for's*, for *in his*, *for his*, &c. But this is rather to be observed than imitated.

These are the Elisions and Contractions most usually made in our Versification; the rest may be learned by reading our best modern Poets; for the Liberties taken by some of our ancient ones are not to be encouraged.

Q. Have you any Thing farther to add relating to Versification?

A. Yes; there are a few more Particulars relating to this Subject that are

worth observing. In the first Place, it may be laid down as a general Rule, that whenever one Syllable of a Word ends with a Vowel, and the next begins with another, these two Syllables in Verse are to be considered as *one* only, except when either of the Syllables is the Seat of the Accent. Thus *Region*, *valiant*, *beauteous*, *mutual*, and such-like Words, are to be reckoned only as *two* Syllables in Poetry; and so *Ambition*, *familiar*, *perpetual*, *presumptuous*, *superior*, and other Words of the same Nature, though consisting of four Syllables, are to be used in Verse as *three*.

Q. Are there no Exceptions to this Rule?

A. The Words *Diamond*, *Diadem*, *Violet*, and a few others may be excepted, which, though accented on the first Vowel, are sometimes used but as *two* Syllables.

Q. What

2. What is the next to be observed?

A. In general consult your Ear; consider how Words are pronounced in reading Prose, and observe how they are used by the best Poets, and you will seldom fail either with respect to Justness of Measure or Propriety of Contractions. It will very much add to the Beauty of your Verse to avoid, as much as possible, a Concourse of clashing Vowels, that is, when one Word ends with a Vowel and the next begins with another, which occasions what is called an *Hiatus*, or Gaping, and is very disagreeable to the Ear. Mr. *Pope* has censured this Fault, and given us an Instance of it in the following Line:

Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire.

For this Reason the *e* of the Particle *the* is generally cut off (as hath been observed)

observed) before Words that begin with a Vowel.

2. What other Faults are to be avoided?

A. It is not well to make use of several Words in a Verse that begin with the same Letter, unless it be to suit the Sound to the Subject. And observe, that though Verses consisting wholly of Monosyllables are not always to be condemned (nay possibly may be very good) yet they ought to be seldom used, a Series of little low Words having generally an ill Effect in our Poetry. Be careful also not to make use of Expletives, that is, such Words as contribute nothing to the Sense, but are brought into the Verse merely to fill up the Measure. These two last Faults Mr. Pope has taken notice of, and exemplified in the following Verses:

While Expletives their feeble Aid do join,
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.

Take

Take care likewise not to end a Verse with an Adjective, whose Substantive begins the next Verse; and the same is to be observed with respect to a Preposition and the Words it governs. In short, avoid every Thing that tends to destroy that agreeable Cadence and Harmony which is required in Poetry, and of which (after all the Rules that can be laid down concerning it) the Ear is the most proper Judge. Remember, however, that easy and flowing Numbers are not all that is requisite in Versification; for, as the last-cited excellent Poet observes,

'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence;
 The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense.
 Soft is the Strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
 And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers
 flows;
 But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
 The hoarse rough Verse should like the Torrent
 roar,

When

When *Ajax* strives some Rock's vast Weight to
 throw,
 The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;
 Not so when swift *Camilla* scours the Plain,
 Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and skims along
 the Main.

I now proceed to treat of the Laws
 and Rules of the several Kinds of Poe-
 try, as laid down by the best Critics,
 and to give Specimens of such as will
 come within the Compass of our De-
 sign; in doing which I shall begin with
 the lowest, and ascend, by Degrees, to
 the highest Performances in the Poetic
 Art. And first of the *Epigram*.

C H A P. V.

Of the EPIGRAM.

2. **W**HAT is an *Epigram*?

A. It is a little Poem, or Composition in Verse, treating of one Thing only, and whose distinguishing Characters are Brevity, Beauty, and Point.

2. What is the Meaning of the Word?

A. The Word Epigram signifies Inscription; for Epigrams derive their Origin from those Inscriptions placed by the Ancients on their Tombs, Statues, Temples, Pillars, Triumphal Arches, and the like; which, at first were very short, being sometimes no more than a single Word, but afterwards

wards increasing their Length, they made them in Verse, to be the better retained by the Memory. This short Way of Writing came at last to be used upon any Occasion or Subject; and hence the Name of *Epigram* has been given to any little Copy of Verses, without regard to the original Application of such Poems.

Q. To what length is the *Epigram* confined?

A. It's usual Limits are from *two* to *twenty* Verses, though sometimes it extends to *fifty*; but the shorter the better it is, and the more perfect, as it partakes more of the Nature and Character of this kind of Poem: Besides, the *Epigram* being only a single Thought, it ought to be expressed in a little Compass, or else it loses it's Force and Strength.

Q. What is the *Beauty* required in an *Epigram*?

A. A Har-

A. A Harmony and apt Agreement of all it's Parts, a sweet Simplicity, and polite Language.

Q. What do you mean by the *Point* in an Epigram?

A. A sharp, lively, unexpected Turn of Wit, with which an Epigram ought to be concluded. There are some Critics, indeed, who will not admit of the *Point* in an Epigram, but require the Thought to be equally diffused through the whole Poem, which is usually the Practice of *Catullus*, as the former is that of *Martial*. It is allowed there is more Delicacy in the Manner of *Catullus*, but the *Point* is most agreeable to the general Taste, and seems to be the chief Characteristic of the *Epigram*.

Q. What Subjects does the *Epigram* admit of?

A. It admits of all Manner of Subjects, provided that *Brevity*, *Beauty*, and *Point* are preserved; but it is generally

rally employed either in *Praise* or *Satire*. — That you may the more easily remember the Rules to be observed in this Kind of Poem, take them in *English Verse* with some small Alteration, as they are given us by very good Writers on the Art of Poetry.

The *Epigram*, with little Art compos'd,
Is one good Sentence in a *Distich* clos'd :
And though some stretch to twenty Lines or more,
The best are those confined to two or four.
Of various Subjects *Epigrams* admit,
But each of one, and one alone must treat.
Two Parts this little Whole must still compose,
Recital of the Subject, and the *Close*.
To make this Poem perfect, be your Care,
That *Beauty*, *Point*, and *Brevity* appear.
Your single Subject in few Words explain,
But Words which Force and Energy contain.
A Symmetry of Parts we *Beauty* name,
Which should be seen throughout the finish'd
Frame ;
With elegant Simplicity and Truth,
And still the *Diction* polish'd, not uncouth.
This Beauty *Sweetness* always must comprize,
Which from the Subject, well express'd, will rise.
The

The *Point* in the Conclusion takes it's Place,
 And is the *Epigram's* peculiar Grace ;
 Some unexpected and some biting Thought,
 With poignant Wit and sharp Expression fraught.

N. B. Though the best Epigrams are here said to be such as are comprized in *two* or *four* Verses, we are not to understand it as if none can be perfect which exceed those Limits. Neither the Ancients nor Moderns have been so scrupulous with respect to the Length of their Epigrams ; but however, *Brevity* in general is always to be studied in these Compositions.

Q. Cannot you give me a few Examples of good Epigrams in the *English* Language ?

A. Yes ; I shall make Choice of several in the different Tastes I have mentioned ; some remarkable for their delicate Turn and Simplicity of Expression, and others for their Salt and Sharpness, their equivocating Pun, or pleasant

sant Allusion. In the first Place, take that of Mr. Pope, said to be written on a Glass with the Earl of *Chesterfield's* Diamond Pencil :

Accept a Miracle, instead of Wit ;
See two dull Lines by *Stanhope's* Pencil writ.

The Beauty of this Epigram is more easily seen than described. For my Part, I am at a Loss to determine whether it does more Honour to the Poet who wrote it, or to the Nobleman for whom the Compliment is designed. — The following Epigram of Mr. *Prior* is written in the same Taste, being a fine Encomium on the Performance of an excellent Painter.

On a Flower, painted by VARELST.

When sam'd *Varels* this little Wonder drew,
-*Flora* vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view :
Finding the Painter's Science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
And,

And, finishing the Piece, she smiling said,
Behold one Work of mine which ne'er shall fade.

The Epigram written on the Leaves
 of a *Fan* by Dr. *Atterbury*, late Bishop
 of *Rocheſter*, contains a pretty Thought,
 expreſſed with Eaſe and Conciſeneſs,
 and cloſed in a beautiful Manner.

On a FAN.

Flavia the leaſt and ſlighteſt Toy
 Can with reſiſtleſs Art employ.
 This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
 An Engine of ſmall Force in Love;
 Yet ſhe, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told or ſafely ſeen,
 Directs it's wanton Motion ſo,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's Bow*,
 Gives Coolneſs to the matchleſs Dame,
 To every other Breſt a Flame.

I ſhall now ſelect ſome Epigrams of
 the biting and ſatyricall Kind, and ſuch
 as turn upon the *Pun* or *Equivoque*, as
 the *French* call it; in which Sort the
 D Point

Point is more conspicuous than in those of the former Character.

The following Distich, in my Opinion, is an admirable Epigram, having all the necessary Qualities of one, especially *Point* and *Brevity*.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music.

How ill the Motion with the Music suits !
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

This puts me in mind of another Epigram upon a bad Fiddler, which I shall venture to insert merely for the Humour of it, and not for any real Excellence it contains.

To a bad Fiddler.

Old *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick ;
But thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddle-stick.

One of *Martial's* Epigrams, wherein he agreeably rallies the foolish Vanity
of

of a Man who hired People to make Verses for him, and published them as his own, has been thus translated into *English* :

Paul so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,
With Gold he buys Verses, and calls them his *own*.
Go on, Master *Paul*, nor mind what the World
says,
They are surely his own for which a Man pays.

Another Epigram of the same *Latin* Poet is very prettily imitated in the following *Tetrastich* :

On an ugly Woman:

Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Siren* in thy Tongue ;
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I en-
dur'd !
But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

We have a good Epigram by Mr. *Cowley* on *Prometheus* ill painted ; to understand which we must remember his

Story. *Prometheus* is feigned by the ancient Poets to have formed Men of Clay, and to have put Life into them by Fire stolen from Heaven ; for which Crime *Jupiter* caused him to be chained to a Rock, where a Vulture was set to gnaw his Liver, which grew again as fast as it was devoured. On this Fiction the Epigram is founded.

PROMETHEUS drawn by a bad Painter.

How wretched does *Prometheus*' state appear,
 Whilst he his second Mis'ry suffers here !
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's
 Hands,

It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow ;
 The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him
 now,

Some bad Writer having taken the
 Liberty to censure Mr. *Prior*, the Poet
 has

has very wittily lashed his Impertinence
in the following Epigram :

While faster than his costive Brain indites
Pbilo's quick Hand in flowing Letters writes,
His Case appears to me like honest *Teague's*,
When he was run away with by his Legs.
Pbaebus give *Pbilo* o'er himself Command ;
Quicken his Senses, or restrain his Hand ;
Let him be kept from Paper, Pen, and Ink ;
So he may cease to write, and learn to think.

Mr. *Wesley* has given us a pretty Epigram, alluding to a well known Text of Scripture, on the setting up a Monument in *Westminster Abbey*, to the Memory of the ingenious Mr. *Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*.

While *Butler*, needy Wretch, was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give.
See him, when starv'd to Death and turn'd to
Dust,
Presented with a Monumental Bust !
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown ;
He ask'd for *Bread*, and he received a *Stone*.

The EPITAPH being a Poem of the epigrammatic Kind, and frequently found in Collections of Epigrams, I shall here insert a few of the best I have met with. These Compositions generally contain some Eulogium of the Virtues and good Qualities of the Deceased, and have a Turn of Seriousness and Gravity adapted to the Nature of the Subject; others are jocose and ludicrous, as you will see amongst the following Examples.

In the *Spectator* we find several old Greek Epitaphs very beautifully translated into *English* Verse, one of which I shall take the Liberty of transcribing. It is written on *Orpheus*, a celebrated ancient Poet and Musician, whose Story is well known. He is said to have been the Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, one of the Nine *Muses*, the Goddess meant in the last Line of the Epigram.

On

ON ORPHEUS.

No longer *Orpheus*, shall thy sacred Strains
Lead Stones and Trees, and Beasts along the
Plains ;

No longer sooth the boist'rous Wind to sleep,
Or still the Billows of the raging Deep :
For thou art gone ; the *Muses* mourn'd thy Fall
In solemn Strains, thy Mother most of all.
Ye Mortals, idly for your Sons ye moan,
If thus a Goddess could not save her own.

The ingenious Translator observes, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that Age when the *Epigram* was written, the *Turn* appears to have Piety to the Gods, and a resigning Spirit in the Application : But, if we consider the *Point* with respect to our present Knowledge, it will be less esteemed ; though the Author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a *Point* of the same Nature.

The following Epitaph on Sir *Philip Sidney's* Sister, the Countess of *Pembroke*, said to be written by the famous *Ben Johnson*, is remarkable for the noble Thought with which it concludes.

On MARY, Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE.

Underneath this Marble Hearse,
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, *Pembroke's* Mother :
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee,

Take another Epitaph of *Ben Johnson's*, on a beautiful and virtuous Lady, which has been deservedly admired by very good Judges.

Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as could die ;
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as could live.

Mr.

Mr. *Pope* has drawn the Character of Mr. *Gay*, in an Epitaph now to be seen on his Monument in *Westminster Abbey*, with he has closed with such a beautiful Turn, that I cannot help looking upon it as a Master-piece in it's Kind, as indeed are all the Productions of that surprizing Genius.

On Mr. GAY.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the Age:
 Above Temptation in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive Bosoms. — *Here lies GAY.*

Amongst the Epitaphs of a punning
 and ludicrous Cast, I know of none
 prettier

prettier than that which is said to have been written by Mr. *Prior* on himself, wherein he is pleasantly satyrical upon the Folly of those who value themselves on Account of the long Series of Ancestors through which they can trace their Pedigree.

*Nobles, and Heralds, by your Leave,
Here lie the Bones of Matthew Prior,
The Son of Adam and of Eve,
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.*

The following Epitaph on a *Miser* contains a good Caution, and an agreeable Raillery.

Reader, beware immod'rate Love of Pelf:
Here lies the worst of Thieves, who robb'd himself.

I shall give but one Example more of this Sort of Poem, which is a merry Epitaph on an old Fiddler, who was remarkable (we may suppose) for beating Time to his Music.

On

On STEPHEN *the Fiddler.*

Stephen and Time are now both even :
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.

Having dwelt long enough (perhaps too long) upon this low Species of Poetry, I now proceed to the *Pastoral.*

C H A P. VI.

Of the PASTORAL.

2. WHAT is a *Pastoral*?

A. It is a Kind of Poem which takes it's Name from the *Latin* Word *Pastor*, a *Shepherd* ; the Subject of it being always something in the pastoral or rural Life, and the Persons introduced in it either Shepherds or other Rustics.

2. Have

Q. Have these Poems no other Name than that of *Pastorals* ?

A. Yes ; they are frequently called *Eclogues*, which signifies *select* or *choice Pieces* ; though some account for this Name after a different Manner. They are also called *Bucolics*, from a Greek Word signifying a *Herdsmen*.

Q. Is the *Pastora* an ancient Kind of Poetry ?

A. Yes, perhaps the oldest of any ; for as the keeping of Flocks seems to have been the first Employment of Mankind, it is natural to imagine, that the Leisure of those ancient Shepherds requiring some Diversion, they could think of none so proper to that solitary Life as *singing*, and that in their Songs they took Occasion to celebrate their own Felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect Image of that happy Time ; which, by giving us an Esteem for the
Virtues

Virtues of a former Age, might recommend them to the present.

Q. What is the Character of the *Pastoral*?

A. It's complete Character consists in *Simplicity*, *Brevity*, and *Delicacy*; the two first of which render an *Eclogue* *natural*, and the last *delightful*. With respect to *Nature* indeed, we are to consider, that as *Pastoral* is an Image of the ancient Times of Innocence and undesigning Plainness, we are not to describe Shepherds as they really are at this Day, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of Men followed the Employment. For this Reason, an Air of Piety should run through the whole Poem, which is visible in the Writings of Antiquity.

Q. What is farther to be observed in this Sort of Poetry?

A. To make it natural with respect to the present Age, some Knowledge
in

in rural Affairs must be discovered, and that in such a Manner as if it was done by Chance rather than Design, lest by too much Study to seem *natural* we destroy the *Delight* ; for what is inviting in this Kind of Poesy proceeds not so much from the Idea of a Country Life itself, as from that of it's Tranquility. Some Illusion must therefore be used to render a Pastoral *delightful*, which consists in exposing the best Side only of a Shepherd's Life, and in concealing it's Miseries. Besides, the Subject must contain some particular Beauty in itself, and in each Eclogue, a designed Scene or Prospect is to be presented to our View, which should likewise have it's Variety. This Variety is obtained, in a great Degree by frequent Comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable Objects of the Country ; by Interrogations to Things inanimate, by beautiful but short Digressions ; and by elegant
Turns

Turns on the Words, which render the Numbers very sweet and pleasing. Add to this, that the Connections must be negligent, the Narrations and Descriptions short, and the Periods concise.

Q. What Sort of Style does the *Pastoral* require ?

A. It ought to be *humble*, yet *pure* ; *neat*, but not *florid* ; *easy*, and yet *lively* : And the Versification should be the *smoothest* and most *flowing* imaginable.

Q. To what Length may this Poem extend ?

A. In general, it ought to be short, and should never much exceed a hundred Lines.

Q. Can you give me these Rules in Verse, as you did those relating to the *Epigram* ?

A. Yes ; the Substance of them I find expressed in the following Manner :

The

The PASTORAL, which sings of happy *Swains*
And harmless *Nymphs* that haunt the Woods and
Plains,

Should through the Whole discover ev'ry where
Their old Simplicity and pious Air;
And in the Characters of *Maids* and *Youth*,
Unpractis'd Plainness, Innocence, and Truth,
Each *Pastoral* a little Plot must own,
Which, as it must be *simple*, must be *one*:
With small Digressions it will yet dispense,
Nor needs always allegoric Sense.
It's *Style* must still be natural and clear,
And Elegance in ev'ry Part appear:
It's humble Method nothing has of *Fierce*,
But hates the Rattling of a lofty Verse;
With native Beauty pleases and excites,
And never with harsh Sounds the Ear affrights.

2. What Examples of the *Pastoral*
do you recommend, as written in a just
Style and Manner?

A. *Virgil's* first Eclogue is reckoned
the Standard of *Pastorals*, which I
shall therefore give you, as it is tran-
slated by Mr. *Dryden*. It is a Dialogue
between

between *Melibæus*, an unfortunate Shepherd, and *Tityrus*, another Shepherd under more fortunate Circumstances. The former addresses his Complaint of his Sufferings and Banishment to *Tityrus* who, in the Midst of the public Calamity, enjoys his Flocks, and expresses his Gratitude to his Benefactor; while *Melibæus* accuses Fortune and the fatal Effects of a Civil War, bidding adieu to his native Country.

MELIBOEUS.

Beneath the Shade which Beechen Boughs diffuse,
You *Tityrus* entertain your Sylvan Muse.
Round the wide World in Banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing Fields and native Home;
While stretch'd at Ease you sing your happy Loves,
And *Amaryllis* fills the shady Groves.

TITYRUS.

These Blessings, Friend, a Deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him loss than God.

E

The

The tender Firflings of my woolly Breed
 Shall on his holy Altar often bleed.
 He gave me Kine to graze the flow'ry Plain,
 And to my Pipe renew'd the rural Strain.

MELIBOEUS.

I envy not your Fortune, but admire,
 That while the raging Sword and wasteful Fire
 Destroy the wretched Neighbourhood around,
 No hostile Arms approach your happy Ground.
 Far diff'rent is my Fate ; my feeble Goats
 With Pains I drive from their forsaken Cotes ;
 And this you see I scarcely drag along,
 Who yearning on the Rocks has left her Young,
 The Hope and Promise of my failing Fold.
 My Loss by dire Portents the Gods foretold ;
 For, had I not been blind, I might have seen
 Yon riven Oak, the fairest on the Green,
 And the hoarse Raven on the blasted Bough
 By croaking from the Left presag'd the coming
 Blow.

But tell me, *Tityrus*, what heav'nly Power
 Preserv'd your Fortunes in that fatal Hour ?

TITYRUS.

TITYRUS.

Fool that I was, I thought Imperial *Rome* }
 Like *Mantua*, where on Market-days we come, }
 And thither drive our tender Lambs from home. }
 So Kids and Whelps their Sires and Dams express;
 And so the Great I measur'd by the Less:
 But Country-Towns, compar'd with her, appear
 Like Shrubs when lofty Cypressess are near.

MELIBOEUS.

What great Occasion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, - which came at length, tho' slow to
 come.

Nor did my Search of Liberty begin
 Till my black Hairs were chang'd upon my Chin,
 Nor *Amaryllis* would vouchsafe a Look,
 Till *Galatea's* meaner Bonds I broke.
 Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain,
 I sought not Freedom, nor aspir'd to Gain:
 Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,
 And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought,
 Yet all the little that I got I spent,
 And still return'd as empty as I went.

MELIBOEUS.

We stood amaz'd to see your Mistress mourn,
 Unknowing that she pin'd for your Return ;
 We wonder'd that she kept her Fruit so long,
 For whom so late th'ungather'd Apples hung :
 But now the Wonder ceases, since I see
 She kept them only, *Tityrus*, for thee :
 For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,
 And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return.

TITYRUS.

What should I do ! while here I was enchain'd,
 No Glimpse of godlike Liberty remain'd ;
 Nor could I hope in any Place but there
 To find a God so present to my Pray'r.
 There first the Youth of heav'nly Birth I view'd,
 For whom our monthly Victims are renew'd.
 He heard my Vows, and graciously decreed
 My Grounds to be restor'd, my former Flocks to
 feed.

MELIBOEUS.

O for unate old Man ! whose Farm remains }
 For you sufficient, and require your Pains, }
 Tho' Rushes overspread the neighb'ring Plains ; }
 Tho'

Tho' here the marshy Grounds approach your
Fields,

And there the Soil a stony Harvest yields.

Your teeming Ewes shall no strange Meadows try,

Nor fear a Rot from tainted Company.

Behold yon bord'ring Fence of Sallow Trees

Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught
with Bees :

The busy Bees, with a soft murm'ring Strain,

Invite to gentle Sleep the lab'ring Swain :

While from the neighb'ring Rock with rural
Songs

The Pruner's Voice the pleasing Dream prolongs ;

Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their am'rous Pain,

And from the lofty Elms of Love complain.

TITYRUS.

Th'Inhabitants of Seas and Skies shall change,

And Fish on Shore, and Stags in Air shall range,

The banish'd *Partbian* dwell on *Arar's* Brink,

And the blue *German* shall the *Tigris* drink ;

Ere I, forsaking Gratitude and Truth,

Forget the Figure of that godlike Youth.

MELIBOEUS,

But we must beg our Bread in Climes unknown,
 Beneath the scorching, or the freezing Zone ;
 And some to far *Qaxis* shall be sold,
 Or try the *Libyan* Heat, or *Scythian* Cold ;
 The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd,
 A Race of Men from all the World disjoin'd.
 O ! must the wretched Exiles ever mourn,
 Nor after Length of roiling Years return ?
 Are we condemn'd by Fate's unjust Decree,
 No more our Houses and our Homes to see ?
 Or shall we mount again the rural Throne,
 And rule the Country Kingdoms once our own ?
 Did we for these Barbarians plant and sow,
 On the'se, on the'se, our happy Fields bestow ?
 Good Heav'n, what dire Effects from civil }
 Discord flow !
 Now let me graff my Pears, and prune the Vine ;
 The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.
 Farewel my Pastures, my paternal Stock,
 My fruitful Fields, and my more fruitful Flock !
 No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
 The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme !
 No more, extended in the Grot below,
 Shall see you browsing on the Mountain's Brow
 The

The prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare
 Lean down the deep Abyfs, and hang in Air !
 No more my Sheep shall sip the Morning Dew ;
 No more my Song shall please the rural Crew :
 Adieu, my tuneful Pipe ! and all the World
 adieu !

TITYRUS.

This Night, at least, with me forget your Care ;
 Chesnuts and Curds and Cream shall be your Fare ;
 The Carpet-Ground shall be with Leaves o'er-
 spread,
 And Boughs shall weave a Cov'ring for your Head :
 For see yon sunny Hill the Shade extends,
 And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends.

From this *Pastoral* the Reader must
 not imagine that the Nature of the
 Poem requires it always to be carried
 on by Way of *Dialogue*. A Shepherd
 alone may sing the Praises of his Love,
 complain of her Inconstancy, lament her
 Absence, her Death, &c. and address
 himself to Groves, Hills, Rivers, and

such-like rural Objects. A *Pastoral* of this Nature, written by the celebrated Mr. *Pope*, and inscribed to Mr. *Wycherley*, I shall here insert, without any Apology. The Beginning of it is an Imitation of the foregoing *Eclogue* of *Virgil*.

Beneath the Shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and *Ægon* sung their rural Lays :

This mourn'd a faithless, *That* an absent Love,
 And *Delia's* Name and *Doris* fill'd the Grove.
 Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your sacred Succour bring;
Hylas and *Ægon's* rural Lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus'* Wit
 inspire,
 The Art of *Terence*, and *Menander's* Fire ;
 Whose Sense instructs us, and whose Humour
 charms,

Whose Judgment sways us, and whose Spirit
 warms !

Oh, skill'd in Nature ! see the Heart of Swains,
 Their artless Passions, and their tender Pains.

Now setting *Phæbus* shone serenely bright,
 And sleecy Clouds were streak'd with Purple
 Light ;

When

When tuneful *Hylas*, with melodious Moan,
 Taught Rocks to weep, and made the Moun-
 tains groan.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away !
 To *Delia's* Ear the tender Notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,
 And with deep Murmurs fill the sounding Shores ;
 Thus, far from *Delia*, to the Winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my Sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd Choirs neglect their Song ;
 For her, the Limes their pleasing Shades deny ;
 For her, the Lillies hang their heads and die.
 Ye Flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the Spring,
 Ye Birds, that left by Summer cease to sing,
 Ye Trees, that fade when Autumn-Heats remove,
 Say, is not Absence Death to those who love ?

Go, gentle Gaies, and bear my Sighs away !
 Curs'd be the Fields that cause my *Delia's* Stay :
 Fade ev'ry Blossom, wither ev'ry Tree,
 Die ev'ry Flow'r, and perish all but she.
 What have I said ? where'er my *Delia* flies,
 Let Spring attend, and sudden Flow'rs arise ;
 Let opening Roses knotted Oaks adorn,
 And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along !
 The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song.
 The

The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to
move,

And Streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
Not balmy Sleep to Lab'ers faint with Pain.
Not Show'rs to Larks, or Sunshine to the Bee,
Are half so charming as thy Sight to me.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away !
Come, *Delia*, come ; ah, why this long Delay ?
Thro' Rocks and Caves the Name of *Delia* sounds ;
Delia, each Cave and echoing Rock rebounds
Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing Frenzy sooths my Mind !
Do Lovers dream, or is my *Delia* kind ?
She comes, my *Delia* comes !—Now cease my Lay,
And cease, ye Gales, to bear my Sighs away !

Next *Ægon* sung, while *Windsor* Groves ad-
mir'd :

Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain !
Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I complain :
Here, where the Mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low Vales, and steal into the Skies ;
While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,
In their loose Traces from the Field retreat ;
While curling Smoaks from Village-tops are seen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay !
Beneath yon Poplar oft we pass'd the Day :

Of

Soft on the Rind I carv'd her am'rous Vows,
While she with Garlands hung the bending Boughs;
The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away;
So dies her Love, and so my Hopes decay,

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain!
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming Grain;
Now golden Fruits on loaded Branches shine,
And grateful Clusters swell with Floods of Wine;
Now blushing Berries paint the yellow Grove,
Just Gods! shall all Things yield Returns but Love?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a
Prey."——

Ah! what avails it me the Flocks to keep,
Who lost my Heart while I preserv'd my Sheep,
Pan came, and ask'd what Magic caus'd my Smart,
Or what ill Eyes malignant Glances dart?
What Eyes but her's, alas! have Pow'r to move?
And is there Magic but what dwells in Love?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Strains!
I'll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry
Plains.——

From Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains, I may re-
move,

For sake Mankind, and all the World—but Love!
I know thee, Love! wild as the raging Main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain:

Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning Entrails torn,
 Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
 Farewel, ye Woods, adieu the Light of Day!

One Leap from yonder Cliff shall end my Pains.

No more, ye Hills, no more resound my Strains!

Thus sung the Shepherds till th' Approach of
 Night,

The Skies yet blushing with departing Light,

When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the
 Glade,

And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade.

To these two Pastorals, which are
 written agreeable to the Taste of Anti-
 quity, and the Rules above prescribed,
 I shall beg Leave to subjoin another,
 wherein the ingenious Author, the late
 Mr. Gay, has ventured to deviate from
 the beaten Road, and to describe the
 Shepherds and Ploughmen of our own
 Time and Country, instead of those of
 the *Golden Age*, (as the Poets call it)
 to which the modern Critics confine the
Pastoral. His *six Pastorals*, which he
 calls

calls the *Shepherd's Week*, are a beautiful and lively Representation of the Manners, Customs, and Notions of our Rustics ; but the Whole being too long for our present Design, I shall only transcribe the first of them, entitled, *The Squabble*, wherein two Clowns try to out-do each other in singing the Praises of their Sweet-hearts, leaving it to a third to determine the Controversy. The Persons Names are *Lobbin Clout*, *Cuddy*, and *Cloddipole*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Thy Younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just awake ;
 No Thrushes shrill the Bramble bush forsake ;
 No chirping Lark the Welkin Sheen * invokes ;
 No Damsel yet the swelling Udder strokes ;
 O'er yonder Hi'l does scant † the Dawn appear ;
 Then why does *Cuddy* leave his Cott so rear ‡ ?

* *Shining or bright Sky.*
 † *Early,*

† *Scarce,*

CUDDY.

CUDDY.

Ah *Lobbin Clout* ! I ween †, my Plight is guest ;
 For he, that loves, a Stranger is to Rest.
 If Swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the Smart,
 And *Blouzelinda*'s Mistress of thy Heart.
 This rising rear betokeneth well thy Mind ;
 Those Arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind*.
 And well, I trow, our piteous Plights agree ;
 Thee *Blouzalinda* smites, *Buxom* d me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzelind* ! I love thee more by half
 Than Deer their Fawns, or Cows the new-fall'n
 Calf.
 Woe worth the Tongue, may Blisters fore it gall,
 That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal !

CUDDY.

Hold, witless *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,
 Lest Blisters fore on thy own Tongue arise,
 Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome Swain,
 The wisest Lout of all the neighb'ring Plain !
 From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the Skies,
 To know when Hail will fall, or Winds arise.

† *Concive*.

He

He taught us erst † the Heifer's Tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that Show'rs would straight
ensue :

He first that useful Secret did explain,
That pricking Corns foretold the gath'ring Rain.
When Swallows fleet soar high and sport in Air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear.
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his Sweet-heart in alternate Verse,
I'll wager this same oaken Staff with thee,
That *Cloddipole* shall give the Prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this Tobacco-Pouch, that's lin'd with Hair,
Made of the Skin of sleekest Fallow-Deer :
'This Pouch, that's ty'd with Tape of reddest Hue,
I'll wager, that the Prize shall be my Due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy Carrols then, thou vaunting Slouch ;
Be thine the oaken Staff, or mine the Pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blithest Lass,
Than Primrose sweeter, or the Clover Grass,

† *Former'y.*

Fait

Fair is the King-cup that in Meadow blows,
 Fair is the Daisy that beside her grows ;
 Fair is the Gillyflow'r of Gardens sweet,
 Fair is the Marygold, for Pottage meet :
 Bot *Blouzelind's* than Gillyflow'r more fair,
 Than Daisy, Marygold, or King-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown *Buxoma* is the featest Maid,
 That e'er at Wake delightful Gambol play'd :
 Clean as young Lambkins, or the Goose's Down,
 And like the Goldfinch in her Sunday Gown.
 The witless Lamb may sport upon the Plain,
 The frisking Kid delight the gaping Swain ;
 The wanton Calf may skip with many a Bound,
 And my Cur *Tray* play deffest & Feats around :
 But neither Lamb nor Kid, nor Calf nor *Tray*,
 Dance like *Buxoma* on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my Toil when *Blouzelind* is near ;
 Of her bereft, 'tis Winter all the Year.
 With her no sultry Summer's heat I know ;
 In Winter, when she's nigh, with Love I glow.

& *Nimblest*,

Come,

Come, *Blouzelinda*, ease thy Swain's Desire,
My Summer's Shadow, and my Winter's Fire!

CUDDY.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at Hay,
E'en Noon-tide Labour seem'd an Holiday;
And Holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like Worky days I wish'd would soon be done.
Erisoons †, O Sweet-heart kind, my Love repay,
And all the Year shall then be Holiday,

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As *Blouzelinda*, in a gamesome Mood,
Behind a Hay-cock loudly laughing stood,
I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty Kiss;
She wip'd her Lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to say,
Her Breath was sweeter than the ripen'd Hay.

CUDDY.

As my *Buxoma*, in a Morning fair,
Wi h gentle Finger stroak'd her milky Care,
I queintly ¶ stole a Kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.

† *Very soon.*

F

¶ *Waggishly.*

Lobbin,

Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my Vows,
Her Breath by far excell'd the breathing Cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* Butter's dear,
Of *Irish* Swains Potatoe is the Cheer;
Oats for their Feasts the *Scottish* Shepherds grind,
Sweet Turnips are the Food of *Blouzelind* :
While she loves Turnips, Butter I'll despise,
Nor Leeks, nor oatmeal, nor Potatoe prize.

CUDDY.

In good Roast-Beef my Landlord sticks his Knife,
The Capon fat delights his dainty Wife;
Pudding our Parson eats, the Squire loves Hare,
But White-pot thick is my *Buxoma's* Fare.
While she loves White-pot, Capon ne'er shall be,
Nor Hare, nor Beef, nor Pudding, Food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *Blindman's-buff*, it hapt
About my Eyes the Towel thick was wrapt :
I miss'd the Swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*.
True speaks that ancient Proverb, *Love is blind*.

CUDDY.

CUDDY.

As at *Hot-Cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty Hand of many a Clown ;
Buxoma gave a gentle Tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft Mischief in her Eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near Elms the slacken'd Cord I hung,
Now high, now low my *Blouzselinda* swung :
With the rude Wind her rumpled Garment rose,
And show'd her taper Leg, and Scarlet Hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen Oak the Plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring Maid :
High leapt the Plank, adown *Buxoma* fell ;
I spy'd—but faithful Sweet-hearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This Riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou canst, explain,
This wily Riddle puzzles ev'ry Swain:
What Flow'r is that which bears the Virgin's Name,
*The richest Metal joined with the same * ?*

* *Mary-gold.*

CUDDY

CUDDY.

Answer, thou Carle, adjudge this Riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning Wight :
What Flow'r is that which Royal Honour craves ?
*Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strown on Graves **

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending Louts, give o'er your
Strains ;
An oaken Staff each merits for his Pains.
But see, the Sun-beams bright to Labour warn,
And gild the Thatch of Goodman Hedge's Barn.
Your Herds for want of Water stand adry ;
They're weary of your Songs—and so am I.

Thus much may suffice for the *Pastoral*. Those who desire more may consult the Versions we have of *Theocretus*, and the admired Writings of our Countryman Mr. *Ambrose Philips*. Let us now consider the *Elegy*.

* *Rosemary*.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Of the ELEGY.

Q. WHAT is an Elegy?

A. A *mournful* and *plaintive* Kind of Poem, first invented to bewail the Death of a Friend, and afterwards used to express the Complaints of Lovers, or any other doleful and melancholy Subject.

Q. Are no other Subjects admitted in this Sort of Poem?

A. Yes; in Process of 'Time, not only Matters of Grief, but Joy, Wishes, Prayers, Expostulations, Reproaches, Admonitions, and almost every other Subject, were admitted into *Elegy*; however, funeral Lamentations and Affairs of Love seem most agreeable to it's Character.

2. What Rules are to be observed in writing *Elegy*?

A. The Plan of an *Elegy*, as indeed of all other Poems, ought to be made before a Line is written ; or else the Author will ramble in the Dark, and his Verses will have no Dependence on each other. No *epigrammatic Points* or *Conceits*, none of those *fine Things* which most People are so fond of in every Sort of Poem, must be allowed in this, but must give Place to nobler Beauties, those of *Nature* and the *Passions*. The *Elegy* is adorned with frequent *Commiserations*, *Complaints*, *Exclamations*, *Addresses to Things or Persons*, short and proper *Digressions*, *Allusions*, *Comparisons*, and *Prosopopæias* or feigned Persons. The Diction ought to be *neat*, *easy*, *perspicuous*, *expressive of the Manners*, *tender*, and *pathetic* ; and the Numbers *smooth* and *flowing*. — These Rules

Rules are expressed in the following Verses:

The *Elegy* demands a solemn Stile ;
It mourns with flowing Hair at fun'ral Pile ;
It paints the Lover's Torments and Delights,
How the Nymph flatters, threatens, and invites,
But well those Raptures if you'd make us see,
You must know *Love* as well as *Poetry*.

The *Model* of this Poem should be made,
And ev'ry Step of all it's Progress laid,
Each Part directed to some certain End,
And Verse on Verse perpetually depend.

No glitt'ring *Points*, nor any nice *Contest*,
Must load the *Elegy* with foreign Weight :
Passion and *Nature* here avow their Right,
And with Disdain reject that mean Delight.

Remember that the *Diction* ev'ry where
Be gentle, tender, neat, correct, and clear ;
Let it the *Manners* all along express,
And shew the *Passions* in their proper Dress.
Throughout the Whole let nothing rough be
found,
But still preserve it's smooth and flowing Sound.

Q. Cannot you give me a good *Elegy*
or two by Way of Example ?

A. Yes ;

A. Yes ; I shall chuse one written by
Mr. Pope to the Memory of an unfor-
 tunate Lady, which I believe will be
 sufficient to give you a just Idea of the
 tender and mournful Character of this
 Kind of Poem.

What beck'ning Ghost along the Moonlight
 Shade

Invites my Step, and points to yonder Glade ?

'Tis she !—but why that bleeding Bosom gor'd ?

Why dimly gleams the visionary Sword ?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,

Is it, in Heav'n, a Crime to love too well ?

To bear too tender, or too firm a Heart,

To act a Lover, or a *Roman's* Part ?

Is there no bright Reversion in the Sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her Soul aspire

Above the vulgar Flight of low Desire ?

Ambition first sprung from your blest Abodes,

The glorious Fault of Angels and of Gods :

Thence to their Images on Earth it flows,

And in the Breasts of Kings and Heroes glows !

Most Souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an Age,

Dull, sullen Pris'ners in the Body's Cage :

Dim

Dim Lights of Life, that burn a Length of Years,
 Useless, unseen, as Lamps in Sepulchres ;
 Like Eastern Kings a lazy State they keep,
 And close confin'd in their own Palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying Sky.
 As into Air the purer Spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their Kindred Dregs below ;
 So flew the Soul to it's congenial Place,
 Nor left one Virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false Guardian of a Charge too good,
 Thou mean Deserter of thy Brother's Blood !
 See on these ruby Lips the trembling Breath,
 These Cheeks, now fading at the Blast of Death ;
 Cold is that Breast which warm'd the World be-
 fore,

And those Love-darting Eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the Ball,
 Thus shall your Wives, and thus your Children
 fall :

On all the Line a sudden Vengeance waits,
 And frequent Herfes shall besiege your Gates.
 There Passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long Fun'ral's blacken all the Way)
 Lo these were they whose Souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with Hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the Proud away,
 The Gaze of Fools, and Pageant of a Day !

So perish all, whose Breast ne'er learnt to glow
For others Good, or melt at others Woe.

What can atone, (oh ever-injur'd Shade !)
Thy Fate un pity'd, and thy Rites unpaid ?
No Friend's Complaint, no kind domestic Tear -
Pleas'd thy pale Ghost, or grac'd thy mournful
Bier.

By foreign Hands thy dying Eyes were clos'd,
By foreign Hands thy decent Limbs compos'd,
By foreign Hands thy humble Grave adorn'd,
By Strangers honour'd, and by Strangers mourn'd !
What tho' no Friends in sable Weeds appear,
Grieve for an Hour, perhaps, then mourn a Year,
And bear about the Mockery of Woe
To Midnight Dances, and the public Show ;
What tho' no sacred Earth allow thee Room,
Nor hallow'd Dirge be mutter'd o'er thy Tomb ;
Yet shall thy Grave with rising Flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green Turf lie lightly on thy Breast :
There shall the Morn her earliest Tears bestow,
There the first Roses of the Year shall blow ;
While Angels with their silver Wings o'er shade
The Ground, now sacred by thy Reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a Stone, a Name,
What once had Beauty, Titles, Wealth, and
Fame :

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;

A Heap

A Heap of Dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the Proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd Ear, and mute the tuneful Tongue.
Ev'n he, whose Soul now melts in mournful Lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous Tear he pays :
Then from his closing Eyes thy Form shall part,
And the last Pang shall tear thee from his Heart :
Life's idle Business at one Gasps be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

C H A P. VIII.

Of the ODE.

2. **W**HAT Sort of Poem is an *Ode*?

A. The *Ode*, among the Ancients, signified no more than a *Song*, being a Composition proper to be sung, and made for that Purpose ; the Singing usually accompanied with some Musical Instrument, chiefly the *Lyre*, whence
this

this Kind of Poetry obtained the Name of *Lyric*.

Q. Is there no Difference then between an *Ode* and a *Song*?

A. Yes, with us they are different Things, the *Ode* being seldom sung, except upon solemn Occasions, and being usually employed in grave and lofty Subjects, such as the Praises of Heroes and great Exploits, and even of GOD himself.

Q. What Sort of Verse is used in the *Ode*?

A. Odes generally consist of Verses of different Measures, (as you will see presently) and are distinguished into *Stanzas* or *Sirophes*, which are a certain Number of Verses including a perfect Sense, at the End of which the same Measures commonly begin again, and the Verses are disposed in the same Order with respect to the Rhyme, as in the former Stanza. But this depends
so

so much upon the Poet's Fancy, and the Stanza is capable of such a vast Variety, that it would be Folly to attempt to lay down Rules concerning it.

Q. What is the Character of this Kind of Poem ?

A. It's distinguishing Character is *Sweetness* ; for the Poet is to sooth the Minds of his Readers by the Variety of the Verse, the Delicacy of the Words, the Beauty of the Numbers, and the Description of Things most delightful in their own Nature.

Sweetness is most peculiar to the *Ode*,
 Ev'n when it rises to the Praise of GOD,
 Th' *Expression* should be easy, *Fancy* high ;
 Yet *That* not seem to creep, nor *This* to fly :
 No Words transpos'd, but in such Order all,
 As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by Chance to
 fall.

Here Words obscene will surely give Offence,
 And in *all Poetry* debase the Sense.
 Variety of Numbers still belong
 To the sweet Melody of *Ode* or *Song*.

Q. What

Q. What Examples of the *Ode* can you give me in the *English* Language?

A. I shall set down several, and those upon various Subjects; for though the *Ode* (as I have said) is generally used in lofty ones, it admits of *pleasant, amorous, moral, or philosophical* Subjects, and almost of any other whatsoever. And since *Horace* is esteemed the Prince of the ancient Lyric Poets, at least among the *Latins*, it may not be amiss to begin with a Translation of one of his Odes, wherein he advises his Friend *Delius* to be content, and to live merrily, putting him in Mind of the Certainty of Death.

HOR. *Ode* 3. *Book* II.

An even Mind, in ev'ry State,
Amidst the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,
Dear mortal *Delius*, always show ;
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,
Nor too intemp'rate Joys appear,
Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow :
Whether

Whether thy dull unhappy Years
Run slowly clogg'd with Hopes and Fears
And sit too heavy on thy Soul ;
Or whether crown'd with Beds of Flow'rs,
Mirth softly drives thy easy Hours,
And cheers thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl.

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine,
And Myrtles friendly Branches join,
And hospitable Shades compose ;
Where near a purling Spring doth glide
In winding Streams, and softly chide
The interrupting Pebble as it flows :

There bring thy Wine, thy Odours spread ;
Let fading Roses crown thy Head,
Whilst Time, and Age, and Life will bear ;
For you must leave your Groves, your House,
And Farm, where yellow *Tyber* flows ;
And thy heap'd Wealth shall fill thy greedy Heir.

For, whether sprung from Royal Blood,
Or from the meanest of the Crowd,
'Tis all a Case ; there's nought can save ;
The Hand of Fate doth strike at all,
And thou art surely doom'd to fall
A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave,

Our

Our Lots are cast, Fate shakes the Urn,
 And each Man's Lot must take his Turn ;
 Some soon leap out, and some more late :
 But still 'tis sure each Mortal's Lot
 Will doom his Soul to *Charon's* Boat,
 To bear th'eternal Banishment of Fate.

The following Ode is one of the Rev.
 Dr. *Watt's*, a Gentleman to whom the
 World is indebted for many valuable
 Works, and who seems to have succeed-
 ed in the *Lyric* Way of Writing as well
 as any of the modern Poets ; for a pe-
 culiar *Sweetness* (the Characteric of the
 Ode) runs through all his Compositions
 of this Kind.

Few happy Matches.

I.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my Song,
 To whom thy sweetest Joys belong,
 And who the happy Pairs,
 Whose yielding Hearts, and joining Hands,
 Find Blessings twisted with their Bards,
 To soften all their Cares.

II. Not

II.

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtless fly into the Chains
As Custom leads the Way :
If there be Bliss without Design,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

III.

Not sordid Souls of earthy Mould,
Who, drawn by kindred Charms of Gold,
To dull Embraces move ;
So two rich Mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inspires
With wanton Flames ; those raging Fires
The purer Bliss destroy :
On *Ætna's* Top let Furies wed,
And sheets of Lightning dress the Bed,
T'improve the burning Joy.

V.

Not the dull Pairs, whose Marble Forms,
None of the melting Passions warms,
Can mingle Hearts and Hands :
Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals
Are married just like *Stoic* Souls,
With Officers for their Bands.

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear Bondage bless :
 As well may heav'nly Concerts spring
 From two old Lutes with ne'er String,
 Or none besides the Bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft Enchantments hold
 Two jarring Souls of angry Mould,
 The Rugged and the Keen :
Samson's young Foxes might as well
 In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell,
 With Firebands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage Mind ;
 For Love abhors the Sight :
 Loose the fierce Tyger from the Deer ;
 For native Rage and native Fear
 Rise, and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet ;
 'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,
 And seeds their mutual Loves :
 Bright *Venus* on her rolling Throne
 Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,
 And *Cupid's* Yoke the Doves,

The following Ode is one of Mr.
Pope's, and nothing more need be said
 to recommend it.

The dying Christian to his Soul.

I.

Vital Spark of heav'nly Flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the Pain, the Bliss of dying !
 Cease fond Nature, cease thy Strife,
 And let me languish into Life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my Senses, shuts my Sight,
 Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath ?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death

III.

The World recedes ; it disappears ;
 Heav'n opens on my Eyes ; my Ears

With Sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your Wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O Grave, where is thy Victory ?

O Death, where is thy Sting ?

Longinus has preserved a Fragment of *Sappho*, an ancient Greek Poetess, which is in great Reputation amongst the Critics, and has been very well translated into *English* by Mr. *Philips*. This Translation being written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the Greek as the Genius of our Language will permit, may give the Reader an Idea of the elegant Stile of the admired Author, and shew how exactly she copied Nature. To enter into the Beauties of this Ode, we must suppose a Lover sitting by his Mistress, and thus expressing his Passion.

I.

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And sees and hears thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest;
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost;

III.

My Bosom glow'd, the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play:
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Having given this Instance of the *Sapphic* Ode, it is proper to take Notice of those which are called *Anacreontic*, being written in the Manner and Taste of *Anacreon*, a *Greek* Poet, famous for the Delicacy of his Wit, and the exquisite, yet easy and natural Turn of his Poesy. We have several of his Odes still extant, and many modern ones in Imitation of him, which are mostly composed in Verses of seven Syllables, or three Feet and a half. The following is translated from *Anacreon* by the Rev. Mr. *Samuel Wesley*.

On the Rose.

In the Garland-bearing Spring
To the Rose I strike the String;
Join the Concert while I sing.

}

Scented first by heav'nly Breath
Sprung the Rose for Man beneath;
Fragrant Blossom! yielding Joy,
Dear to *Venus* and her Boy.

To the *Graces* dear, in Hours
 Full of Love and full of Flow'rs:
 To the *Muses* it belongs,
 Subject of Poetic Songs:
 Sweet to him who haply strays,
 Doubtful, slow, through thorny Ways;
 Sweet to her who from the Stalk
 Plucks it in her Morning's Walk,
 That her Virgin-Hand may move
 To her Breast the Flow'r of Love.

From the *Rose* what Pleasures rise
 To the Gay, and to the Wise!
 This with gladsome Wreath invests
 Vernal and Autumnal Feasts;
 Grace and Ornament affords
 To our Altars and our Boards.

Roses all that's fair adorn;
 Rosy-finger'd is the Morn,
 Rosy-arm'd the Nymphs are seen,
 Rosy-skin'd is Beauty's Queen.
 These the Sick and Languid please,
 Nay the Dead are deck'd with these:
 These can even conquer Time,
 Since, when faded from their Prime,
 Still they breathe Perfume, and hold
 Youthful Odour when they're old.
 Say we whence the *Rose's* Bloom:
 When from the neglected Foam,

Hoary Ocean *Venus* gave
 Dew-besprinkled from the Wave;
 When *Minerva*, fierce and fair,
 Queen of Tumult and of War,
 Issu'd from the Head of *Jove*,
 Dreadful to the Realms above;
 Then the gen'ral Mother Earth
 Teem'd and bore a flow'ry Birth,
 New-born Rose, producing Thee,
 Various, beauteous Progeny!

See the Gods in Council meet!
 See the Soil with Nectar sweet,
 Soft they tinge! and quick the Rose,
 Sacred to *Lyæus* grows:
 Deathless Flow'r, divinely born!
 Glorious Offspring of the Thorn!

I proceed now to the noblest Kind
 of Ode called the *Pindaric*, from its be-
 ing written in Imitation of the Manner
 of *Pindar*, an ancient Greek Poet, who
 is celebrated for the Boldness and Height
 of his Flights, the Impetuosity of his
 Style, and the seeming Wildness and
 Irregularity that runs through his Com-
 positions, which yet is said to be the
 Effect

Effect of the greatest Art. This Sort of Ode is distinguished from all others by the happy Transitions and Digressions which it admits, and the surprizing yet natural Returns to the Subject. This requires great Judgment and Genius, and the Poet who would excel in this Manner of Writing should draw the Plan of his Poem, and mark out the Places where these elegant Sallies and Wanderings may be made, and where the Returns will be easy and proper; otherwise it will be nothing but Chaos and Confusion in sonorous Verses. In the *Pindaric* Ode the Stanza is not confined to a certain Number of Verses, nor the Verses to a certain Number of Syllables, nor the Rhymes to a certain Distance; so that no Rules can be laid down as to these Matters: However, it is not a wild Inequality of Verse that entitles an Ode to the *Pindaric* Character, nor are *Pindar's* Numbers so irregular

regular as they have been generally imagined.

Pindaric Odes are of the highest Flight,
 Happy the Force, and fierce is the Delight.
 The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
 With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd;
 For Art and Nature in this Ode must join,
 To make the wond'rous Harmony divine,
 But though all seem to be in Fury done,
 The Language still must soft and easy run;
 The bright *Transitions* and *Digressions* rise,
 And with their natural *Returns* surprize.

Mr. *Cowley* was the first that introduced this Sort of Poetry into our Language, and none of our Poets seem to have come nearer to the Character of *Pindar*, whose Odes he has translated admirably well, which we therefore recommend to be perused and studied by our young Readers: But as some may think him now and then defective either in his Diction or his Numbers (which
 if

if he be so, must be attributed merely to the Time he wrote in) we shall take Examples of the *Pindaric* Ode from the most celebrated of our modern Poets. The first shall be that of Mr. *Dryden* in honour of St. CECILIA's Day, entitled *ALEXANDER's Feast, or The Power of Music*; wherein we find a wonderful Sublimity of Thought, a Loftiness and Sweetness of Expression, and a most pleasing Variety of Numbers.

'Twas at the royal Feast, for *Persia* won,

By *Philip's* warlike Son,

Aloft in awful State

The god-like Hero sate

On his imperial Throne:

His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,

(So should Desert in Arms be crown'd:)

The lovely *Tbais* by his Side

Sate like a blooming eastern Bride,

In Flow'rs of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy

Happy, happy. happy Pair!

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave,

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Chor. *Happy, happy, &c.*

Timotheus plac'd on high,

Amid the tuneful Choir,

With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:

The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,

And heav'nly Joys inspire.

The Song began from *Jove*,

Who left his blissful Seats above,

(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:

Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,

When he to fair *Olympia* press'd:

And while he sought her snowy Breast:

Then round her slender Waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of

the World.

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound.

A present Deity, they shout around:

A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound:

With ravish'd Ears

The Monarch hears,

Assumes

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

Chor. *With ravish'd Ears, &c.*

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Musicians
sung;

Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young:

The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:

Flush'd with a purple Grace

He shews his honest Face;

Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes, he
comes,

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking Joys did first ordain:

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,

Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;

Rich the Treasure,

Sweet the Pleasure:

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

Chor. *Bacchus' Blessings, &c.*

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,

Fought all his Battles o'er again:

And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he
slew the Slain.

The Master saw the Madness rise;

His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;

And

And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

He chose a mournful Muse

Soft Pity to infuse :

He sung *Darius* great and good,

By too severe a Fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high Estate,

And welt'ring in his Blood,

Deserted at his utmost Need,

By those his former Bounty fed,

On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,

With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sate,

Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below ;

And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;

And Tears began to flow.

Chor. *Revolving, &c.*

The mighty Master smil'd, to see

That Love was in the next Degree :

'Twas but a kindred Sound to move ;

For Pity melts the Mind to love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,

Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble ;

Honour but an empty Bubble,

Never

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the World be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
 Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,
 Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
 The many rend the Skies, with loud Applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the Cause.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
 Gaz'd on the Fair,
 Who caus'd his Care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast,
 Chor. *The Prince, &c.*

Now strike the golden Lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain.
 Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
 Has rais'd up his Head,
 As awak'd from the Dead,
 And amaz'd he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
 See the Furies arise ;

See

See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes;
 Behold a ghastly Band,
 Each a Torch in his Hand!
 Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battle were
 slain,

And unbury'd remain,
 Inglorious on the Plain.
 Give the Vengeance due
 To the valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods.
 The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to de-
 stroy;

Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.
 Chor. And the King seiz'd, &c.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
 And sounding Lyre,
 Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.

At last divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the vocal Frame;
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,
 With Nature's Mother-wit, and Arts unknown
 before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
 Or both divide the Crown;
 He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
 She drew an Angel down.

Grand Chor. *At last, &c.*

As Mr. *Pope* has employed his masterly Pen upon the same Subject, it would be doing him a Sort of Injustice not to let him appear with Mr. *Dryden*. Each of these Odes, we may venture to say, are written with a Spirit of Poetry peculiar to the great Genius of their respective Authors; but which of them has best succeeded in the *Pindaric* Manner, let the Critics determine.

ODE on St. CECILIA'S Day. By Mrs.
POPE.

I.

Descend ye Nine ! descend and sing ;
The breathing Instruments inspire,
Wake into Voice each silent String,
And sweep the sounding Lyre !
In a sadly-pleasing Strain
Let the warbling Lute complain
Let the loud Trumpet sound,
Till the Roofs all around
The shrill Echoes rebound :
While, in more lengthen'd Notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn Organs blow.
Hark ! the Numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the Ear ;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading Sounds the Skies :
Exulting in Triumph now swell the bold Notes,
In broken Air, trembling, the wild Music floats ;
Till, by Degrees, remote and small,
The Strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying Fall.

II.

By Music Minds an equal Temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
 If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive Voice applies;
 Or when the Soul is press'd with Cares,
 Exalts her in enliv'ning Airs:
 Warriors she fires with animated Sounds,
 Pours Balm into the bleeding Lover's Wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her Head,
Morpheus rouses from his Bed,
 Sloth unfolds her Arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her Snakes;
 Intestine War no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their Rage,

III.

But when our Country's Cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial Music ev'ry Bosom warms!
 So when the first bold Vessel dar'd the Seas,
 High on the Stern the *Thracian* rais'd his Strain
 While *Argo* saw her kindred Trees
 Descend from *Pelion* to the Main.
 Transferr'd Demi-gods stood round,
 And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,

Enflam'd with Glory's Charms !
 Each Chief his sev'nfold Shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining Blade ;
 And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound
 To Arms, to Arms, to Arms !

IV.

But when thro' all th'infernal Bounds
 Which flaming *Pblegeton* surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death the Poet led
 To the pale Nations of the Dead,
 What Sounds were heard,
 What Scenes appear'd
 O'er all the dreary Coasts !
 Dreadful Gleams,
 Dismal Screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of Woe,
 Sullen Moans,
 Hollow Groans,
 And Cries of tortur'd Ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden Lyre,
 And see, the tortur'd Ghosts respire !
 See, shady Forms advance !
 Thy Stone, O *Sisyphus*, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his Wheel,
 And the pale *S. cêtres* dance !

The *Furies* sink upon their Iron Beds,
And Snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their
Heads.

V.

By the Streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant Winds that blow
O'er th' *Elysian* Flow'rs;
By those happy Souls who dwell
In yellow Meads of *Asphodel*,
Or *aramanthine* Bow'rs;
By the Heroes armed Shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades;
By the Youths that dy'd for Love,
Wand'ring in the Myrtle Grove;
Restore, restore *Eurydice* to Life:
• Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife;
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's Pray'r;
Stern *Proserpine* relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
Thus Song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A Conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' Fate had fast bound her
With *Stryx* nine times round her,
Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the Lover turns his Eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move?

No Crime was thine, it 'us no Crime to love,

Now under hanging Mountains

Beside the Fall of Fountains

Or where *Hebrus* wanders,

Rolling in *Mæanders*,

All alone,

Unhear'd, Unknown,

He makes his Moan;

And calls her Ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows

Amidst *Rhodope's* Snows:

See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Desert he flies!

Hark! *Hæmus* resounds with the *Bacchanals* Cries—

—— Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in Death *Eurydice* he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his Tongue,

Eurydice the Woods,

Eurydice the Floods,

Eurydice the Rocks and hollow Mountains rung.

VI. Music

VII.

Music the fiercest Grief can charm,
 And Fate's severest Rage disarm,
 Music can soften Pain to Ease,
 And make Despair and Madness please;
 Our Joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the Bliss above.

This the divine CECILIA sound,
 And to her Maker's Praise confin'd the Sound,
 When the full Organ joins the tuneful Choir,
 Th'immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear;
 Borne on the swelling Notes our Souls aspire,
 While solemn Airs improve the sacred Fire,
 And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear,
 Of *Orpheus* now no more let Poets tell,
 To bright *Cecilia* greater Pow'r is giv'n;
 His Number's rais'd a Shade from Hell,
 Her's lift the Soul to Heav'n.

Thus much may suffice for the *Pindaric* Poetry; but before we quit the Subject we are upon, it is proper to say something of that Species of Odes which we call *Songs*, being little poetical Compositions set to a Tune, and

frequently sung in Company by Way of Entertainment and Diversion. Of these we have vast Numbers amongst us, but not many that are excellent; for, as the Duke of *Buckinghamshire* observes,

Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part
Of Poetry requires a nicer Art:
For as in Rows of richest Pearl there lies
Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,
The least of which Defects is plainly shown
In some small Ring, and brings the Value down;
So Songs should be to just Perfection wrought,
Yet where can one be found without a Fault?

The *Song* admits of almost any Subject, but the greatest Part of them turn either upon *Love* or *Drinking*. Be the Subject, however, what it will, the Verses should be easy, natural, and flowing, and contain a certain Harmony, so that Poetry and Music may be agreeably united. In these Compositions, as
in

in all others, obscene and profane Expressions should be carefully avoided, and indeed every Thing that tends to take off the Respect which is due to Religion and Virtue, and to encourage Vice and Immorality. I shall here give the Reader a few of our best modern Songs, and I know of none that has been more justly admired than the following one, written by the ingenious Mr. Gay, wherein he has described two Lovers taking Leave of each other in the most tender and affecting Manner.

All in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,
 When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true Love find !
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew.

William, who high upon the Yard
 Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :
 The Cord slides swiftly through his glowing Hand,
 And (quick as Light'ning) on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,
 Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
 (If chance his Mate's shrill Call he hear)
 And drops at once into her Nest.
 The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
 Might envy *William's* Lips those kisses sweet,

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear,
 My Vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling Tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye Winds ; my Heart shall be
 The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;
 They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry Port a Mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail
 Thy Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright ;
 Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale,
 Thy Skin is Ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Though Battle call me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside those Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head :
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land ;
 Adieu, she cries ! and wav'd her lilly Hand.

To this give me leave to add the following Song, by the same ingenious Gentleman, which, perhaps, is equal to any Piece we have, of this Kind of Poesy.

'Twas when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blasts of Wind,
A Damsel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring Billows,
She cast a wishful Look ;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days ;
Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas ?

Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest :
Ah ! what's thy troubled Motion,
To that within my Breast ?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
Views Tempests in Despair ;
But what's the Loss of Treasure,
To losing of my Dear !

Should you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the Water
 Do hidious Rocks remain?

No Eye those Rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the Deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
 And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each Billow with a Tear.

When o'er the white waves flooping
 His floating Corps she spy'd;
 Then like a Lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

The following Song, wherein a Shepherd in Love complains of the Inconstancy of his Mistress, has so much of the Pathetic in it, the Thoughts are so natural, and the Language so well adapted to the Subject, that I think it deserves

deserves to be reckon'd amongst the
best Compositions of this Nature.

Despairing beside a clear Stream
A Shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme
A Willow supported his Head :
The Wind that blew over the Plain
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,
And the Brook in return to his Pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly Swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
When first I beheld her fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue ;
When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great ;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was Nightingale ever so sweet !

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a Clown,
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine Folks of the Town ?
To think that a Beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove,
To go clad like our Maidens in gray,
And live in a Cottage on Love !

What

What though I have Skill to complain,
 Though the Muses my Temples have crown'd?
 What though when they hear the soft Strain
 The Virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah *Colin*! thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign;
 Thy Fair one inclines to a Swain
 Whose Music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid:
 If through the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground:
 The last humble Boon that I crave
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew,
 And when she looks down on my Grave
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at every fine Show,
 And frolick it all the long Day :
 While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

In the next Song, the peevish Uneasiness of a Lover, in the Absence of his Mistress is very naturally described, and there are so many Beauties scattered through the Whole, that I am persuaded the Reader will not be displeased with the Length of it.

My Time O ye *Muses*, was happily spent,
 When *Phæbe* went with me wherever I went ;
 Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast ;
 Sure never fond Shepherd like *Colin* was blest !
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find !
 When Things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the Spring ; but alas ! it was she.

With

With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up to play, or to lie down to sleep,
 I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known;
 My Fair-one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
 And my Heart—I am sure it weighs more than a
 Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phæbe* was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Music to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
 Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me
 complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when *Phæbe* and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the
 Time,
 When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in
 their Prime!

I

But

But now in their Frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces a Handful of Grass ;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair-one and me ;
And *Phæbe* was pleas'd too, and to the Dog said,
Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted his Head :
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah ! and give him a Blow with my Crook ;
And I'll give him another, for why should not
Tray
Be as dull as his Master, when *Phæbe's* away ?

When walking with *Phæbe*, what Sights have
I seen !
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the
Green !
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made !
But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear :
'Twas nought but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet

Sweet Music went with us both all the Wood
 through,
 The Lark, Linnet, Throftle, and Nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet :
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone ;
 Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
 Gave ev'ry Thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue ?
 And where is Violet's beautiful Blue ?
 Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile ?
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not
 smile ?

Ah ! Rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd
 And made yourselves fine for, a Place in her Breast:
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my *Phæbe* return,
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I
 burn !

Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
 I would breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt
 down the Lead.

Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
 Ah! *Colin*, old Time is full of Delay,
 Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst
 say,

Will no pitying Power, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
 To be cur'd thou must, *Colin*, thy Passion remove;
 But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
 No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
 Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

To the foregoing Songs, which are
 generally known and allowed to be
 Master-pieces of the Kind, I shall take
 the Freedom to add one that has never
 before appeared in Public.

I.

When *Chloe* was here, and my Suit did approve,
 All Nature look'd gay, and the Fields were in
 Love;
 Our Lambkins came skipping around us to see
 A Pair so united, so happy as We.

II. When

II.

When to shun the Mid-Heat, to the Woods we
 repair,
 The Birds hover round us all charm'd with the
 Fair;
 They lend a soft Ear to the Voice of my Love,
 And warble our Vows thro' the echoing Grove.

III.

E'en the Fishes that glide in the murmuring Rill,
 That meanders along at the Foot of the Hill,
 Peep out of the Stream when my Charmer they
 hear,
 And leap and rejoice that my *Chloe's* so near.

IV.

'Twas her Presence alone that enliven'd the Day,
 And every Month with my *Chloe* was *May* :
 No Lady at Court with my Dearest could vie ;
 No Lord of 'em all was so happy as I.

V.

But now she is gone how severe is my Woe !
 And Nature seems sicken'd wherever I go :
 My Lambkins no longer will sport on the Plain,
 But drooping lie down, and all bleating complain.

VI.

The Grove, when I traverse to soften my Care,
 No Warblers I find — for my *Cbloe*'s not there ;
 But (instead of the Linnet) the Screech-Owl, the
 Crow,
 And the Raven's hoarse Croaking add Woe to my
 Woe.

VII.

The Fish in the sweet purling Stream that ran by,
 Through Sorrow lie dead, and the Rivulets dry.
 Dear *Cbloe*, adieu ! — Farewell all ye Swains ;
 Adieu to my Pipe, to my Sheep, to the Plains !

To these amorous Songs let me add
 another, describing the Happiness of a
 married Couple, wherein the Numbers
 are sweet and flowing, and the Lan-
 guage exceeding natural and easy.

At *Upton* on the Hill,
 There lives a happy Pair ;
 The Swain his Name is *Will*.
 And *Molly* is the Fair.

Ten Years are gone and more
 Since *Hymen* join'd these two:
 Their Hearts were one before
 The sacred Rites they knew.

Since which auspicious Day
 Sweet Harmony does reign;
 Both love and both obey;
 Hear this each Nymph and Swain,
 If haply Cares invade,
 (As who is free from Care?)
 Th'Impression's lighter made,
 By taking each a Share.

Pleas'd with a calm Retreat,
 They've no ambitious View;
 In Plenty live, not State,
 Nor envy those that do.
 Sure Pomp is empty Noise,
 And Cares increase with Wealth,
 They aim at truer Joys,
 Tranquility and Health.

With Safety and with Ease
 Their present Life does flow;
 They fear no raging Seas,
 Nor Rocks that lurk below.

May fill a steady Gale
 Their little Bark attend,
 And gently fill each Sail
 Till Life itself shall end.

After so many Songs on the Subject of *Love*, it may be expected I should add one, at least, in Praise of *Wine*. I have accordingly chosen the following, which, in my Opinion, is the best of the Kind that has appeared in our Language. The Thought is very pretty, that the Wisdom of the ancient Philosophers was owing to the generous Juice of the Vine; and the Allusions to some principal Part of their Characters, or to some remarkable Story which has been handed down to us concerning them, are particularly beautiful.

Diogenes surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
 Delighted in Wine that was good,
 Because in good Wine there is Truth :

But

But growing as poor as a *Job*,
 And unable to purchase a Flask,
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 To tipp'le and cherish his Heart,
 And, when he was maudling, would cry
 Because he had empty'd his Quart;
 Tho' some are so foolish to think
 He wept at Mens Follies and Vice,
 'Twas only his Custom to drink
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,
 And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad
 When over a full flowing Bowl:
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And thought that a Cup of the best
 Made Reason the brighter to shine:

With

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins.
 And made his Philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the World like his Brains,
 Turn'd round as a Chariot Wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine ;
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
 His Belly most Authors agree,
 Was as big as a Watering-Trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits we ne'er should have known :
 By Wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings ;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

I shall conclude this Collection with
 that well-known but excellent Song of
 the Miller of *Mansfield*, which for the
 pleasant

pleasant Smartness of the Satire, the natural Turns of Thought, and Easiness of Expression, cannot be too much admired.

How happy a State does the Miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less !
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.
What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go ?
The more he is powder'd the more like a Beau :
A Clown in this Dress may be honefter far
Than a Courtier who struts in a Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit
to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean :
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
Gold in handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.
What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without Scruple from other Mens Sacks ?
In this of Right Nobles Example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Mens Bags.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this too he mimics the Tools of the State,
Whose

Whose Aim is alone their own Coffers to fill;
 As all his Concern's to bring Grift to his Mill.
 He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
 dry,

And down when he's weary contented does lie;
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

These Examples, of a Sort of Poem
 which admits of an almost endless Va-
 riety, are some of the best that have
 fallen under my Observation. I forbear
 saying any Thing in particular of the
Madrigal, Roundelay, and some other
 Species of the *Ode* or *Song*, as being
 trifling in themselves, and little known
 amongst us; besides, that I fear the
 Reader will I think I have already de-
 tained him too long upon this Subject.

C H A P. IX.

Of SATIRE.

Q. WHAT is a *Satire*?

A. It is a *free, jocose, witty, and sharp Poem*, wherein the Follies and Vices of Mankind are *lashed and ridiculed*, in order to their Reformation. Its Subject therefore is whatever deserves our *Contempt or Abhorrence*; its Manner is *Investive*, and its End *Shame*. So that Satire may be looked upon as the Physician of a dis-tempered Mind, which it endeavours to cure by bitter and unfavoury but salutary Applications.

Q. What are the Qualifications requisite in a good Satyrist?

A. He

A. He ought to be a Man of Wit and Address, Sagacity and Eloquence. He should also have a great deal of Good Nature, as all the Sentiments which are beautiful in this Way of Writing, must proceed from that Quality in the Author. It is Good-Nature produces that Disdain of all Baseness, Vice, and Folly, which prompts the Poet to express himself with Smartness against the Errors of Men, but without Bitterness to their Persons. It is this Quality that keeps the Mind even, and never lets an Offence unseasonably throw the Satyrist out of his Character.

2. What is chiefly to be observed in writing Satire ?

A. In the first Place, that it be *true* and *general*, that is, levelled at Abuses in which Numbers are interested ; for the *personal* Kind of Satire, or that which exposes particular Characters,
and

and affects Mens Reputation, is scarce to be distinguished from Scandal and Defamation. The Poet must also take care, that whilst he is endeavouring to correct the Guilty, he do not make Use of Expressions that may corrupt the Innocent; he must therefore avoid all obscene Words and Images. In this respect *Horace* and *Juvenal*, the chief Satyrists among the *Romans*, are faulty, and ought to be read with Caution.

2. What is the Style proper for Satire?

A. It is sometimes *grave* and *animated*, inveighing against Vice with Warmth and Earnestness; but that which is *pleasant*, *sportive*, and full of *Raillery*, has generally the best Effect, as it seems only to *play* with Mens Follies, though it omits no Opportunity of making them feel the Lash. The Language should be *manly* and decent, and the Verses *smooth* and *flowing*. — These Rules

Rules are well expressed in the following Lines.

Folly and Vice of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
That wound our Reason or debase the Mind,
All that deserves our Laughter or our Hate,
To biting *Satire's* Province does relate.
The Slothful, Parasite, affected Fool,
Th'Ungrateful, and the pert loquacious Tool,
The Lustful, Drunkard, th'avaritious Slave,
The noisy Bravo, and the tricking Knave,
Satire by wholesome Lessons would reclaim,
And heal their Vices, to secure their Fame.

The *Latin* Writers Decency neglect,
But modern Readers challenge more Respect,
And at immodest Writings take offence,
If clean Expressions cover not the Sense.
Satire should be from all Obsceneness free,
Not impudent, and yet preach Modesty.

Good *Satire* comes not but from Men of Sense,
Wit, and Sagacity, and Eloquence;
Of good Address, and such a Poignancy
As may consist with Mirth and Pleasantry.
Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;
A *Satire's* Smile is sharper than its Frown.

No Parts distinct does biting *Satire* know,
And without certain Rules its Course will go.

Of

Oft by Infinnuation it begins,
 And oft abruptly falls upon our Sins:
 But this Abruptness should regard the Whole,
 Which must its Words and Manner too controul,
 Let flowing Language utter all you say,
 And smoothest Words the sharpest Thoughts convey.

According to the Method I have hitherto observed, I shall here give the Reader a Specimen of this Kind of Poem, and one of the best that our Language affords. It is a Satire called *Mack Flecknoe*, written by the celebrated Mr. DRYDEN, which has been justly admired and praised by the greatest Critics.

MACK FLECKNOE.

All human Things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey.
 This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long;

K

In

In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without Dispute,
 Through all the Realms of *Nonsense* absolute.
 This aged Prince, now flourishing in Peace,
 And bless'd with Issue of a large Increase;
 Worn out with Business, did at length debate
 To settle the Succession of the State :

And, pond'ring, which of all his Sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.

Sb—— alone my perfect Image bears,
 Mature in Dulness from his tender Years :

Sb—— alone, of all my Sons, is he,
 Who stands confirm'd in full Stupidity.

The rest, to some faint Meaning make Pretence,
 But *Sb*—— never deviates into Sense.

Some Beams of Wit on others Souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid Interval;

But *Sb*——'s genuine Night admits no Ray,
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day.

Besides, his goodly Fabric fills the Eye,

And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty :

Thoughtless as monarch Oaks, that shade the
 Plain,

And, spread in solemn State, supinely reign.

Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,

Thou last great Prophet of Tautology.

Even

Even I, a Dunce of more Renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy Way;
 And, coarsely clad in *Norwich* Drugget, came
 To teach the Nations in thy greater Name.
 My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung,
 When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,
 Was but the Prelude to that glorious Day,
 When thou on Silver *Thames* didst cut thy Way,
 With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
 Swell'd with the Pride of thy celestial Charge:
 And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* sail,
 The Lute still trembling underneath thy Nail.
 At thy well-sharpen'd Thumb from Shore to Shore,
 The Trebles squeak for Fear, the Bases roar:
 Echoes from *Pissing-Alley* *Sb*—— call,
 And *Sb*—— they resound from *Aston-Hall*.
 About thy Boat the little Fishes throng
 As at the Morning Toast that floats along.
 Sometimes as Prince of thy harmonious Band,
 Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing Hand.
 St. *Andre's* Feet ne'er kept more equal Time,
 Not ev'n the Feet of thy own *Psyche's* Rhime
 Tho' they in Number as in Sense excel,
 So just, so like Tautology, they fell;

That, pale with Envy, *Singleton* foreswore
The Lute and Sword, which he in Triumph
bore,

And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villinius* more.

Here stopt the good old *Sire*, and wept for joy,
In silent Raptures of the hopeful Boy.

All Arguments, but most his Plays, persuade
That for anointed Dulness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
(The Fair *Augusta* much to Fears inclin'd)

An ancient Fabric, rais'd t'inform the Sight,
There stood of Yore, and *Barbican* it hight:

A Watch Tower once; but now so Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty Name remains:

From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise

Scenes of lewd Loves, and of polluted Joys,

Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets
keep,

And, undisturb'd by Watch, in Silence sleep *.

Near these a Nursery erects its Head.

Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred;

* Parodies on these Lines of COWLEY,
(*Dauides*, Book I.)

Where their vast Courts the Mother-waters keep,
and undisturb'd by Moons, in Silence sleep.

Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where Infant Punks their tender Voices try *, }
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
 Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear;
 But gentle *Simpkin* just Reception finds
 Amidst this Monument of vanish'd Minds:
 Pure Clinches the Suburbian Muse affords
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with Words,
 Here *Flecknoe*, as a Place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sb*——'s Throne.
 For ancient *Decker* prophesy'd long since, }
 That in this Pile should reign a mighty Prince.
 Born for a Scourge of Wit, and Flail of Sense: }
 To whom true Dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his Pen should flow;
Humorists and *Hypocrites* it should produce,
 Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.
 Now Empress *Fame* had publish'd the Renown
 Of *Sb*——'s Coronation through the Town.

* Parodies on these Lines of COWLEY,
 (*Davideis*, Book I.)

———— *Where* unfledg'd Tempests lie,
 And infant Winds their tender Voices try.

Rouz'd by Report of Fame, the Nations meet,
 From near *Bunbill*, and distant *Watling-Street*,
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th'imperial Way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay :
 From dusty Shops neglected Authors come,
 Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum,
 Much *Heywood*, *Sbirley*, *Ogleby* there lay,
 But Loads of *Sb*—— almost choak'd the Way,
 Bilk'd Stationers for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And *H*——*n* was Captain of the Guard.
 The Hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
 High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd,
 At his right Hand our young *Ascanius* sat
Rome's other Hope, and Pillar of the State.
 His Brows thick Fogs, instead of Glories, grace,
 And lambent Dulness play'd around his Face.
 As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
 Swore by his Sire a mortal Foe to *Rome* ;
 So *Sb* —— swore, nor should his Vow be vain,
 That he till Death true Dulness would maintain ;
 And, in his Father's Right, and Realm's Defence,
 Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor Truce with
 Sense.

The King himself the sacred Unction made,
 As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade.
 In his sinister Hand, instead of Ball,
 He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale ;

Love's

Love's Kingdom to his Right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre, and his Rule of Sway;
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd
young,

And from whose Loins recorded *Psyche* sprung:
His Temples, last, with Poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his Head.
Just at the Point of Time, if Fame not lye,
On his left Hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's* Brook
Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
Th'admiring Throng loud Acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The Sire then shook the Honours of his Head,
And from his Brows Damps of Oblivion shed
Full on the Filial Dulness: Long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetic Mood.

Heav'ns bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him
reign

To far *Barbadoes* or the Western Main;
Of this Dominion may no End be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom, let him stretch his Pen! --
He paus'd, and all the People cry'd *Amen*.
Then thus, continu'd he: My Son, advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.

Success let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without Birth, and fruitless Industry.
 Let *Virtuosos* in five Years be writ;
 Yet not one Thought accuse thy Toil of Wit.
 Let gentle *George* in Triumph tread the Stage,
 Make *Derimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
 Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
 And in their Folly shew the Writers Wit.
 Yet still thy Tools shall stand in thy Defence,
 And justify their Author's want of Sense.
 Let them be all by thy own Model made
 Of Dulness, and desire no foreign Aid;
 That they to future Ages may be known,
 Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own.
 Nay let thy Men of Wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and diff'ring but in Name,
 But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpose
 To lard with Wit thy hungry *Epsom* Prose.
 And when false Flowers of *Rhetoric* thou would'st
 cull,

Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
 But write thy best, and top; and in each Line,
 Sir *Formal's* Oratory will be thine:
 Sir *Formal*, tho' unsought, attends thy Quill,
 And does by *Northern Dedications* fill.
 Nor let false Friends seduce thy Mind to Fame,
 By arrogating *Johnson's* hostile Name.

Let

Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy Mind with Praise,
 And Uncle *Ogleby* thy Envy raise.
 Thou art my Blood, where *Johnson* has no Part:
 What Share have we in Nature or in Art?
 Where did his Wit on Learning fix a Brand,
 And rail at Arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* Vein,
 Or swept the Dust in *Psyche's* humble Strain?
 Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stich, kiss my
 Arse

Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce?
 When did his Muse from *Fletcher* Scenes purloin,
 As thou whole *Etb'ridge* dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd as Oil and Waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy Province, this thy wondrous Way,
 New Humours to invent for each new Play:
 This is that boasted Bias of thy Mind,
 By which, one Way, to Dulness 'tis inclin'd:
 Which makes thy Writings lean on one Side still,
 And, in all Changes, that Way bends thy Will.
 Nor let thy Mountain-Belly make Pretence
 Of Likeness; thine's a Tympany of Sense.
 A Ton of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of Wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle Numbers feebly creep;
 Thy Tragic Muse gives Smiles, thy Comic, Sleep,
 With

With whate'er Gall thou set'st thyself to write,
 Thy inoffensive Satires never bite,
 In thy felonious Heart tho' Venom lies ;
 It does but touch thy pointles Pen, and dies.
 Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame
 In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram.
 Leave writing Plays, and choose for thy Command,
 Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land.
 There thou may'st *Wings* display and *Altars* raise,
 And torture one poor Word ten thousand Ways.
 Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent Talents suit,
 Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy Lute.

He said ; but his last Words were scarcely
 heard,

For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a Trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard. }
 Sinking, he left his Druggert Robe behind,
 Born upwards by a subterranean Wind.
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's Part,
 With double Portion of his Father's Art.

Before I leave this Subject, it may
 not be amiss to say something of the
Burlesque Kind of Poetry, which is
 chiefly used by Way of Drollery and
 Ridicule, and therefore I know not
 where

where I can more properly speak of it than under the Head of *Satire*. An excellent Example of this Kind is a Poem in Blank Verse, intituled, *The Splendid Shilling*, written by Mr. *John Philips*, which, in the Opinion of one of the best Judges of this Age, is the finest Burlesque in the *English* Language. In this Poem the Author has handled a low Subject in the lofty Stile and Numbers of *Milton*; in which Way of Writing Mr. *Philips* has been imitated by several, but none have come up to the Humour and happy Turn of the Original. When we read it, we are betrayed into a Pleasure that we could not expect; though, at the same Time, the Sublimity of the Stile, and Gravity of the Phrase, seem to chastise that Laughter which thy provoke. The Poet's Invocation to his Muse, is prefixed to his Poem by Way of Motto.

— *Sing,*

————— *Sing, heav'nly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyne,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.*

Happy the Man, who, void of Care and Strife,
In silken or in leathern Purse retains

A SPLENDID SHILLING: He nor hears with
Pain

New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To Jun'per's, Maggys, or Town-Hall * repairs;
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton
Eye

Transfix'd his Soul and kindled am'rous Flames,
CHLOE or PHILLIS, he each circling Glass

Wishes her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.

Mean while he smokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.

But, I whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,

With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff,

(Wretched Repast!) my meagre Corps sustain;

Then Solitary walk, or doze at home

* *Alehouses of Note in Oxford, when the Au-
thor wrote this Poem.*

In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
 Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
 As Winter-Chimney, or well polish'd Jet,
 Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size,
 Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree
 Sprung from *Cadwaladar* and *Arthur*, Kings
 Full famous in romantic Tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of tam'd *Cestrian* Cheese
 High over-shadowing rides, with Design
 To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!
 Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
 With *Massic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyless Minutes tedious flow,
 With Looks demure and silent Pace, a *Dun*,
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aërial Citadel ascends;
 With vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
 The Voice ill-boding, and the solemn Sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Wood-hole; strait my bristling Hairs erect
 Thro' sudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews

My

My shudd'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
 So horrible he seems! his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
 Disastrous Acts forebode; in his right Hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
 Such Plagues from righteous Men!) behind him
 stalks

Another Monster not unlike himself,
 Sullen of Aspect, by the Vulgar call'd
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted Hands the Gods
 With Force incredible and magic Charms
 Erst have endued; if he his ample Palm
 Should haply on ill fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, strait his Body to the Touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
 In Durance strict detain him, till, in Form
 Of Money, PALLAS sets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware.
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken
 This Catiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent Wretch

With

With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
 Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure Ruin. So her disembowel'd Web
Arachne in a Hall or Kitchen spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : She secret stands
 Within her woven Cell ; the humming Prey,
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the Toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail
 Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless Resistance make : With eager Strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my Days : But when nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th'inclement Air
 Persuades Men to repel benumbing Frost
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling Blaze of
 Wood,

Me lonely sitting, nor the glimm'ring Light
 Of make weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
 Of loving Friend delights ; distress'd, forlorn,

Amidst

Amidst the Horrors of the tedious Night
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desp'rate Lady near a purling Stream,
 Or Lover pendent on a Willow Tree.
 Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
 And restless wish and rave; my parched Throat
 Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repose:
 But if a Slumber haply does invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of Drink, and eager in a Dream,
 Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
 In vain; awake I find the settled Thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.
 Thus do I live, from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
 Nor *Walnut*, in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in Decay:
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain;
 My *Galligaskins*, that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury and encroaching Frosts,
 By Time subdu'd (what will not Time subdue!)
 An horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the Winds,
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful Force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cranian* Waves
Tumultuous

Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, till, cruising near
 The *Lilybæan* Shore, with hideous Crush
 On *Scylla* or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
 The crowding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming; Horrors seize
 The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they pray:
 (Vain Efforts!) still the batt'ring Waves rush in,
 Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam
 The Ship sinks sound'ring in the vast Abyss.

This Poem, as I have hinted already,
 is looked upon as a Master-piece in its
 Kind; but there is another Sort of
 Verse and Style, which is most fre-
 quently made Use of in treating any
 Subject in a ludicrous Manner, I mean
 that which is generally called *Hudi-*
brastic, from an admirable Poem, in-
 titled, *Hudibras* written by the ingeni-

ous Mr. *Samuel Butler*. Almost every one knows that this Poem is a Satire upon the Authors of our Civil Dissensions in the Reign of King *Charles I.* Wherein the Poet has, with Abundance of Wit and Humour, exposed and ridiculed the Hypocrisy or blind Zeal of those unhappy Times. In short, it is a Kind of *burlesque Epic Poem*, which, for the Oddity of the Rhimes, the Quaintness of the Similies, the Novelty of the Thoughts, and that fine Raillery which runs through the whole Performance, is not to be paralleled. But a few Passages, chosen out of the Work I am speaking of, will give the Reader the best Idea of this Sort of Poetry: And first, I shall take Part of the Character of Sir *Huambas*, the Hero of the Poem, whose Qualifications the Author thus pleasantly describes

We

We grant, altho' he had much Wit,
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on Holidays, or so,
 As Men their best Apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known, he could speak *Greek*,
 As naturally as Pigs squeak;
 That *Latin* was no more difficile,
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
 B'ing rich in both he never scant'd
 His Bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one Word.
 For *Hebrew* Roots, altho' they're found
 To flourish most in barren Ground,
 He had such Plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd:
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a Profetyte, but for Claps.

He was in *Logic* a great Critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in Analytic:
 He cou'd distinguish and divide
 A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South-West* Side;
 On either which he would dispute.
 Confute, change Hands, and still confute;

L 2

He

He'd undertake to prove by Force
 Of Argument a Man's no Horse ;
 He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a Lord may be an Owl,
 A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice,
 And Rooks Committee-Men and Trussees.
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination :
 All this by Syllogism, true

In Mood and Figure, he would do
 For *Rhetoric*, he could not ope
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope ;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' Middle of his Speech, or Cough,
 H' had hard Words ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by :
 Else, when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk :
 For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
 In Loftiness of Sound was rich ;
 A *Babylonish* Dialect,
 Which learned-Pedants much affect :
 It was a party-colour'd Dress
 Of patch'd and pye-ball'd Languages ;
 'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Like *Fustian* heretofore on *Sattin*.

It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 As if he talk'd three Parts in one;
 Which made some think when he did gabble,
 They'd heard three Labourers of *Babel*,
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once.
 This he as volubly wou'd vent
 As if his Stock wou'd ne'er be spent;
 And truly to support that Charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New Words with little or no Wit;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no Stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on:
 And when with hasty Noise he spoke 'em,
 The Ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the Orator, who once
 Did fill his Mouth with Pebble-stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
 He wou'd have us'd no other Ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
 Than *Tycho Brabe*, or *Erra Pater*:
 For he, by geometric Scale,
 Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;
 Resolve by Sines and Tangents streight,
 If Bread or butter wanted Weight;
 And wisely tell what Hour o' th' Day
 The Clock does strike, by Algebra.

Beside he was a shrewd Philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over :
 Whate'er the crabbed'st Author bath,
 He understood b'implicit Faith ;
 Whatever Sceptic could enquire for,
 For ev'ry *Why* he had a *Wherefore* ;
 Knew more than forty of 'em do,
 As far as Words and Terms could go :
 All which he understood by Rote,
 And, as Occasion serv'd, wou'd quote ;
 No Matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His Notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell ;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th'other, as great Clerks have done.
 He could reduce all Things to Acts,
 And knew their Natures by Abstracts ;
 Where Entity and Quiddity,
 The Ghosts of Defunct Bodies fly ;
 Where Truth in Person does appear,
 Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
 As *Metaphysic* Wit can fly.

Then, as to *School Divinity*, the
 Poet compares his Knight to the most
 famous

famous Doctors, and tells us that he
was

Profound in all the nominal
And real Ways beyond them all ;
For he a Rope of Sand could twist
As tough as learned *Scribanist*,
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon is full ;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a Trice ;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch on Purpose to be scratch'd ;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with Doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small Pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;
Altho' by woful Proof we find
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what Degree it lies ;
And, as he was dispos'd could prove it
Below the Moon, or else above it.
What *Adam* dream'd of, when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his Side ;

Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a *Highb-Dutch* Interpreter;
 If either of them had a Navel;
 Who first made Music malleable;
 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all:
 All this without a Gloss or Comment,
 He could unriddle in a Moment,
 In proper Terms, such as Men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the Matter.

Soon after this, when the Poet comes
 to give us an Account of the Knight's
 Companion in his Adventures, he has
 a pretty Sneer upon the Use of *Rhymes*
 in Poetry, to which good Sense is too
 frequently forced to submit.

A Squire he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,
 That in th' Adventure went his Half.
 Tho' Writers, for more stately Tone,
 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
 And when we can with Metre ease,
 We'll call him so; if not, plain *Ralph*:
 (For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.)

When

When Sir *Hudibras* and *Ralpho* are made Prisoners, and set in the Stocks, it is pleasant to observe with what philosophical Reflections the Knight endeavours to comfort himself and the Squire under their Afflictions: That though the Body may be confined, the Soul is incapable of Restraint; that our Liberty depends upon keeping our Passions in Subjection; and that *Diogenes*, contented within the narrow Limits of a Tub, was more happy than *Alexander*, who is said to have wept because he had not another World to conquer:

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
And Sayings of Philosophers.

Quoth he, th'one half of Man, his Mind,
Is *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the Heels,
Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
'Tis not Restraint or Liberty
That makes Men Prisoners or free,

But Perturbations that possess
The Mind or Equanimities.
The whole World was not half so wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry Tub to
Diogenes ; who is not said
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put Finger i'th'Eye, and sob,
Because h'had ne'er another Tub.

The Reflection that they had fought
bravely, and gained *Honour* by the Ac-
tion, though they had the Misfortune
to be beaten, is another Alleviation of
his Distress.

He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no Honour by it.
Honour's a Lease for Lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant ; it is a Chattel
Not to be forfeited in Battle.
If he that is in Battle slain
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.

For

For as we see th'eclipsed Sun
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,
 He shines in serene Sky most bright:
 So Valour in a low Estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

These Lines put me in mind of another Passage in this Poem, where the Seat of *Honour* is very humourously supposed to be in the *Breech*, because a Kick on that Part is looked upon as one of the greatest Indignities that can be offered, and creates an immediate and strong Resentment in the Person who receives it.

— *Honour* in the Breech is lodg'd,
 As wise Philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a Kick in *that Part* more
 Hurts *Honour*, than deep Wounds *before*.

Who can forbear smiling at that *sound*
 and *salutary* Reasoning, whereby Squire
Ralpho demonstrates the Prudence and
 L 4 Advantages

Advantages of a timely Flight, rather than staying to be slain in Battle? It is generally allowed, that a well-conducted Retreat is almost as honourable as a Victory; but perhaps the Wisdom of running away from an Enemy was never proved by such Arguments as are contained in the following Lines:

—— I with Reason chose
 This Stratagem to amuse our Foes,
 To make an hon'rabl Retreat,
 And wave a total sure Defeat:
 For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another Day,
 But he who is in Battle slain
 Can never rise to fight again.
 Hence timely Running's no mean Part
 Of Conduct in the martial Art;
 By which some glorious Feats atchieve,
 As Citizens by breaking thrive;
 And Cannons conquer Armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil.
 'Tis held the gallant'st Course and bravest,
 To great Exploits, as well as safest,

That

That spare th' Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dang'rous beating out of Brains;
 And in the End prevails as certain
 As those that never trust to Fortune,
 To make their Fear do Execution
 Beyond the stoutest Resolution;
 As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men
 That only sav'd a Citizen,
 What Victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one?
 Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a Battle's won,
 The War's as far from being done;
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go Halves, at least, i'th' Victory;
 And sometimes, when the Loss is small,
 And Danger great, they challenge all;
 Print new Additions to their Feats,
 And Emendations in Gazettes;
 And when, for furious Haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a Gun,
 Have don't with Bonfires, and at home
 Made Squibs and Crackers overcome:
 To set the Rabble on a Flame,
 And keep their Governors from Blame,

Disperse

Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with Fire-works and with Bells :
 And tho' reduc'd to that Extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*,
 Yet with religious Blasphemy,
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie,
 And for their Beating giving Thanks,
 They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks ;
 For those who run from th' Enemy
 Engage them equally to fly ;
 And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
 Those win the Day that win the Race.

But it is Time to have done ; for to select all the beautiful Passages of this inimitable Poem, would be almost to transcribe the Whole. I therefore proceed to *Comedy*, which naturally follows *Satire*, its *End* being the same.

C H A P. X.

Of COMEDY.

Q. WHAT is *Comedy*?

A. It is one of the great Parts of *Dramatic Poetry*, representing the *Actions*, *Humours*, and *Customs* of common Life.

Q. What do you mean by *Dramatic Poetry*?

A. That which is written for the Stage is called *Dramatic*, from *Drama*, a *Greek Word* signifying *Action*, or what we popularly call a *Play*.

Q. What is the Design of *Comedy*?

A. To make Vice and Folly appear ridiculous, and to recommend Virtue, not so much by *Description* as *personal Action*, being represented by Persons on

a Stage, that the Spectators may see and be ashamed of those Failings in others, which they are too apt to overlook or excuse in themselves: In a Word, Comedy is intended at once to *delight* and to *instruct* Mankind.

Q. Are Comedies written in Verse?

A. They were formerly, but our *English* Writers have now laid aside that Practice; for as the Characters in Comedy are taken from ordinary and private Life, it seems unnatural to make such Persons speak in Verse.

Q. What Things are reckoned essential to Comedy?

A. The *Fable*, the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction*.

Q. What is meant by the *Fable*?

A. It is the *Subject-Matter* of the Poem, the Foundation of the whole Composition, or what we usually call the *Plot*. As this is the chief Thing in a Play, the Poet's first and principal
Care

Care ought to be employed in the Contrivance of it; that it be not seen through all at once, but open itself gradually, till it ends in a happy Discovery; and that the several *Incidents*, or particular Actions, may seem naturally to produce each other, and be all subservient to promote the main Design.

2 What is meant by the *Manners* in Comedy.

A. The *Manners* in Comedy, or other Poetry, denote the *Temper*, *Genius*, and *Humour* which the Poet gives to his Persons, and whereby he distinguishes his Characters. The *Manners* are said to be *good* when they are well expressed, that is, when the Discourse of the Persons plainly discovers their Inclinations, and what Resolutions they will certainly pursue. In Characters taken from History, the Poet must preserve a *Likeness* of Manners; that is, he

M

must

must not give a Person any Quality contrary to those which History has given him. It is also required, that the *Manners* be *suitable* to the Age, Sex, Rank, Climate, and Condition of the Person to whom they are attributed. And they must be *equal*, that is, constant, or consistent through the whole Character: The *Fearful* must never be *Brave*, the *Avaritious* must never be *Liberal*, nor on the Contrary. In this Respect *Shakespeare's* Manners are admirable, and ought to be carefully studied: Add to this, that the Manners should be *necessary*; that is, no vicious Quality or Inclination should be given to any Person in a Play, unless it be requisite to the carrying on of the Action. Upon the Whole, the Poet must look into Nature, must study Mankind, and from thence draw the Proprieties of Characters or Manners.

Horace

Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, has so justly described the Manners that are suitable to the several Stages of Life, that a Poet should always have them in his View. The Passage is such a beautiful Picture of human Nature, that I cannot forbear giving the Reader a Copy of it from the Earl of *Roscommon's* excellent Translation.

One that has newly learnt to *speak* and *go*
 Loves *childish* Plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
 And changes ev'ry Hour his waving Mind.
 A *Youth*, that first casts off his Tutor's Yoke,
 Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise;
 Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and Ambition rule our *riper Years*,
 And make us Slaves to Interest and Pow'r.
Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
 Where all Defects and all Diseases crowd,
 With restless Pain; and more tormenting Fear;
 Lazy, morose, full of Delays and Hopes,
 Oppress'd with Riches which they dare not use;
 Ill-natur'd Censors of the present Age,
 And fond of all the Follies of the past.

Thus all the Treasure of our flowing Years
 Our Ebb of Life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th'ambitious Cares of *Men*,
 Nor *Men* the weak Anxieties of *Age*.

As to what we call *Humour*, it is usually looked on as peculiar to the *English* Drama; at least our Comic Poets have excelled therein, and carried it beyond those of any other Nation. By *Humour* is meant some extravagant *Habit*, *Passion*, or *Affection*, by the Oddness whereof a Person is distinguished from the rest of Men; which being represented in a lively and natural Manner, most frequently begets that Pleasure in the Audience which is testified by Laughter. The Critics consider *Humour* as a subordinate or weaker Passion, chiefly found among the lower sort of People, whose Characters are therefore fittest for *Comedy*, in which *Humour* is reckoned the truest *Wit*.
 The

The Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, a very good Judge of these Matters, makes *Humour* to be all in all: *Wit*, according to him, should never be used but to add an Agreeableness to some just and proper Sentiment, which, for Want of such a Turn, might pass without its Effect.

That silly Thing Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid, With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd: *Humour* is all; *Wit* should be only brought To turn agreeably some proper Thought.

2. What is to be observed with regard to the *Sentiments* in Dramatic Writings?

A. The Poet must take Care that they agree with the *Manners* of his Characters. In order to this, he must not be content to look into his own Mind, to see what he himself would think in any Conjunction or Circumstance; but he must consider the Temper, the Qua-

lity, the prevailing passion of the Person whose Character he is to draw; he himself must assume, as it were, the *Manners* of that Person, and then make him think and speak as it is probable such a one would really do on any Subject or Occasion. This requires a thorough Knowledge of Nature, a strong Imagination, and a great Genius.

2. What Rules have you concerning *Diction*?

A. The Stile of *Comedy* should be pure and neat, but simple and familiar; neither above the Reach of ordinary Capacities, nor sullied with base and vulgar Expressions. In all Dramatic Writings the *Language* should naturally express the *Sentiments*, and be agreeable to the *Character* of the Speaker, as *Horace* has well observed:

You must take Care, and use quite diff'rent Words,
When *Servants* speak, or their commanding *Lords*;
When

When grave old Men, or head-strong Youths
discourse,

When stately Matrons, or a busy Nurse ;
A cheating Tradesman, or a lab'ring Clown,
A Greek or Asian, bred at Court or Town.

2. Into what parts is a Comedy generally divided ?

A. The Parts of a Comedy are four, viz. (1.) The *Protafis*, or *Entrance*, which proceeds very little into the Action, but shews us the Characters of the Persons. (2.) The *Epitafis*, or *Working-up of the Plot*, wherein the Play grows warmer, the Design or Action draws on and thickens, and we see something promising. (3.) The *Catastafis*, or *Full-Growth* of the Plot, which is now brought to its greatest Height ; but here the Play takes what we may call a *Counter-Turn*, our Expectation is destroyed, and the Action embroiled in new Difficulties. (4.) The *Catastrophe*, which we call the *Disco-*

very or *Unraveling* of the Plot, wherein we see all Things settling again upon their first Foundations, and terminating in an unexpected happy Issue.

Q. Is there no other Division of a Comedy.

A. Yes, it is divided into five Parts called *Acts*; and every Play that has more or less than five is reckoned irregular. This was a Dramatic Law in *Horace's* Time, and stands unrepealed to this Day; though it seems to draw its Force from the Authority of *Antiquity*, rather than that of *Reason* or *Nature*. However, some pretend that every just Action consists of five distinct Parts, and accordingly assign one to each Act in a Play. The first, say they, proposes the Matter or Argument of the Fable, and shews the principal Characters. The second proceeds into the Affair or Business. The third furnishes Obstacles and Difficulties. The fourth either re-
moves

moves those Difficulties, or finds new ones in the Attempt. The fifth puts an End to all by a fortunate Discovery.

2. Of what Use is this Division of a Play into several *Acts*?

A. It is contrived to give a Respite or breathing Time both to the Actors and Spectators; for in the Interval between the Acts, the Stage remains empty, and without any visible Action, though it is supposed all the while there is one carrying on out of Sight. This Division, however, is not made purely for the Sake of the Respite, but to give Things a greater Degree of Probability, and render the Intrigue more affecting. Add to this, that Authors contrive to have the most dry and difficult Parts of the Drama transacted between the Acts, that the Spectators may have no Notion of these but what their Fancy presents them with at a Distance, and that nothing may appear on the
Stage

Stage but what is natural and entertaining.

Q. Are not the *Acts* of a Play divided into lesser Parts?

A. Yes, they are divided into *Scenes*, the Number whereof is not fixed, either by Reason or Experience, but depends on the Business to be done in each Act, and the Number of Persons to be employed.—Here it is proper to take Notice, that in most of our printed Plays a new *Scene* is never expressed to begin, but when the Place of Action is supposed to be changed by shifting the moveable Scene in the Representation; whereas a Scene, considered as a Division of an Act, is properly so much of it as is spoken or acted by any Number of Persons present upon the Stage at the same Time. Whenever, therefore, a new Actor appears, or an old one disappears, the Action being changed into other Hands, a new Scene then

then commences. It is one of the Laws of the Drama, though not sufficiently observed, that the Scenes be well connected, *i. e.* that they succeed one another in such Manner that the Stage be never left quite empty till the End of the Act.

The Reader may perhaps expect, from the Method we have hitherto observed, that we should now give him a Specimen of this Sort of Dramatic Poetry; but as Pieces written for the Stage are much too long for the Compass of our present Undertaking, we can only refer him to the Works of *Shakespear*, that great Master of Nature, and those of *Ben Johnson*, who was a careful Observer of the Laws of the Drama, and perhaps the most learned, judicious, and correct of all our Comic Poets.—We now proceed to Tragedy.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

OF TRAGEDY.

2. **W**Hat is Tragedy?

A. It is a *dramatic Poem* representing some *signal Action* performed by *illustrious Persons*, and which has frequently a fatal Issue: Or, (if you like *Aristotle's* Definition of it better) it is the *Imitation* of one *grave and entire Action*, of a just Length, and which, without the Assistance of *Narration*, raises in us *Pity* and *Terror*, and refines and purges the Passions.

2. What is meant by *refining* the Passions?

A. The reducing them to proper Bounds; for Tragedy, by shewing the **Miseries** that attend the Subjection to them,

them, teaches us to watch them more narrowly; and by seeing the great Misfortunes of others, the Sense of our own is lessened. Writings of this Kind tend to cherish and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature: They soften Insolence, soothe Affliction, and subdue the Mind to the Dispensations of Providence.

Q. Are Tragedies written in Verse?

A. Our Tragedies are generally written in *Blank Verse*, which is a due Medium between *Prose* and *Rhyme*, and seems wonderfully adapted to this Kind of *Drama*.

Q. Is Rhyme never to be used in Tragedy?

A. Yes, the Poet frequently ends his Play, or perhaps every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which have an agreeable Effect, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*.

Q. What

2. What are the *Essentials* of Tragedy.

A. In Tragedy, as well as Comedy, the essential Parts are the *Fable*, *Manners*, *Sentiments*, and *Diction*.

The *Fable* is of the Tragedy the End,
To which the *grand Design* does wholly tend.
The Poet here employs his Care and Art
To move the Passions and incline the Heart ;
But if, in labour'd Acts, the pleasing Rage
Cannot by Turns our *Hopes* and *Fears* engage,
Nor in our Minds a *feeling Pity* raise,
In vain with learned Scenes he fills his Plays.

As the *Fable*, or *main Plot*, consists
of many *Incidents* or *Scenes*, the Poet
should make a Draught of these before
he begins to write, wherein he should
mark all the fine Touches of the Passions,
and the admirable Turns that
produce them: And having thus the
whole Plan before him, he will the better
discover and correct its Faults, before

fore he proceeds, to the Execution of it. This is a Rule laid down by the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, who says,

Beside the *main Design* compos'd with Art,
 Each *moving Scene* must have a *Plot* apart.
 Contrive each little Turn, mark ev'ry Place
 As Painters first chalk out the future Face:
 Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Such *Incidents*, as are most productive of *Terror* and *Compassion* are most proper for *Tragedy*. These are such as happen among Friends or Relations; as when a *Brother* kills, or is going to kill a *Brother*, a *Father* or *Mother* their *Son*, or the *Son* his *Father* or *Mother*, and the like. We may distinguish these Incidents into three Kinds: The first, when a Person has a perfect Knowledge of what he does, or intends to do: The second, when the Actor does not know the Heinousness of his Action till

till after it is done: And the third, when one Person is going to kill another that is unknown to him, and is prevented by a Discovery of their Relation and Friendship. Incidents of this last Sort are the most beautiful; the first have something too *horrible*; but the second are agreeable enough, for the Crime being committed through *Ignorance*, there is nothing in it flagitious or inhuman, and the Discovery is extremely affecting.

This naturally leads me to observe, that all Incidents are not to be represented on the Stage. Those that are *shocking*, are better transacted behind the Scenes, as that of *Medea's* murdering her Children, and such like Barbarities, which have too much *Horror* in them to be viewed by an Audience that does not delight in Cruelty and Bloodshed. Add to this that in all the *Incidents*, as well as in the *main Fable*,
the

the Poet should always keep within the Bounds of *Probability*.

2. What have you to say concerning the *Manners*, the *Sentiments*, and the *Diction* of Tragedy?

A. As to the *Manners*, it is sufficient to refer to what has been said upon that Subject under the Head of *Comedy*. What I have there observed with regard to the *Sentiments*, should likewise be attended to, the Substance of which is well expressed in the following Lines :

The Poet still must look within to find
The secret Turns of Nature in the Mind.
He must be sad, be proud, and in a Storm,
And to each Character his Mind conform :
The *Proteus* must all Shapes, all Passions wear,
If he would have *just Sentiments* appear.

With respect to the *Diction*, it must be adapted to the *Sentiments* and *Characters*; and therefore the *Stile* of Tragedy should not always be *equal*
N and

and *uniform*, but judiciously *diversified*. Care must be taken to make every *Passion* speak a Language suitable to its Nature: *Anger* is proud, and utters haughty Expressions, but talks in Words less fierce and fiery as it abates: *Grief* is more humble, and uses a Language like itself, *dejected, plain, and sorrowful*.

Wise Nature by Variety does please,
 And diff ring Passions wear a diff rent Dress,
 Bold *Anger* in rough haughty Words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in Tears.
 Make not your *Ecuba* with Fury rage,
 And shew a ranting Grief upon the Stage.
 In sorrow you must softer Methods keep,
 And, to excite our Tears, yourself must weep.
 Those bombast Words, with which bad Plays
 abound,
 Come not from Hearts that are in sadness drown'd.

Q. Are there any other Rules of Importance to be observed in Dramatic Writings?

A. Yes;

A, Yes ; the Critics require three *Unities* to be observed in every regular Play, *viz.* those of *Action, Time, and Place.* By the *Unity of Action* they mean, that *one* great Action is to be carried on throughout the Play, on which all the *under* Actions must depend, and which they must all have a Tendency to promote. For, say they, if two Actions be equally laboured and driven on by the Poet, the Unity of the Piece will be destroyed, and it will be no longer one Play, but two. The Action must also have a *Beginning, Middle, and End* ; which F. *Bessu*, a celebrated *French* Critic, thus explains : The Causes and Designs of undertaking an Action are the *Beginning* ; the Effects of those Causes, and the Difficulties met with in the Execution of it, are the *Middle* ; and the unravelling and removing these Difficulties are the *End.*

By *Unity of Time* (strictly speaking) is meant, that all the Transactions represented in a Play may naturally be supposed to have passed in as little Time as is taken up in the Representation. This Rule indeed is very seldom observed by Dramatic Poets; and the Critics are not agreed about the Matter, some allowing *twenty four* Hours, others *twelve*, and others but *four* or *five* for the Time of the Action. But as every Play ought to be a *just Imitation* of Nature; the greater the *Likeness* in this Particular, as well as others, the more perfect the Piece must be esteemed.

What is meant by *Unity of Place* is, that the Scene should never be shifted throughout the Play, but remain in the same Place where it was laid at the Beginning. This indeed would be to keep close to Nature and Probability, for what is presented on the same *Stage*, which

which is never moved, should be supposed to have passed in the same House, and the same Apartment. But as this Restraint would cramp the Poet too much, and would suit very ill with Abundance of Subjects, the *Unity of Place* is allowed to be sufficiently observed, if the Action is confined to the same Town or City: The Scene, however, ought never to be changed in the Middle of an Act. In general, the *French* (in Imitation of the Ancients) observe this Law more strictly than the *English*; but the more judicious and accurate of our Writers take Care not to deviate too far from Probability, by shifting the Scene between the *Acts*, much farther than the Persons concerned may be supposed to have gone in the Interval, and therefore seldom carry it out of the same Town. Others have no Regard at all to *Unity of Place*; and

most of our great *Shakespear's* Plays are faulty in this Respect.

2. What *Characters* are most proper for *Tragedy*?

A. Those which are neither *consummately virtuous* and *innocent*, nor *scandalously wicked*. To make a perfectly good Man unhappy excites *Horror*, not *Terror*, nor *Compassion*: To punish a notorious Criminal gives us a Sort of Satisfaction, but neither creates *Fear* nor *Pity*, which is the Business of *Tragedy*. The Poet should not make a Person draw his Misfortunes on himself by *superlative Wickedness*, but by some *involuntary Fault*, either committed through *Ignorance*, or the Transport of a *violent Passion*. Hear what the Duke of *Buckinghamshire* says upon this Subject:

Reject that vulgar Error, which appears
So fair, of making perfect Characters.

There's

There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultless Monster, which the World ne'er saw.
 Some Faults must be, which his Misfortunes drew;
 But such as may deserve Compassion too.

Q. Is a Tragedy always to end with
 the Misfortunes of some principal Per-
 son?

A. No, sometimes it may have a
 happy *Catastrophe*; and sometimes a
double one, that is, happy for the *Good*,
 and unhappy for the *Guilty*; but the
single and *unfortunate* *Catastrophe* is
 reckoned the best, as it is most likely
 to produce *Terror* and *Compassion*. — It
 is a Dispute indeed among the Critics,
 whether *Virtue* should *always* be re-
 warded, and *Vice* punished in the Ca-
 tastrophe of a Tragedy; but the Rea-
 sons on the negative Side seem the
 strongest.

Q. In what Manner is the *Plot* or
Fable of a Play generally unravelled?

A. By some accidental *Discovery* of the *Name*, *Fortune*, *Quality*, or other Circumstances of a principal Person, before unknown. Those *Discoveries*, which are immediately followed by a Change of the Fortune or Condition of some chief Character, are the most beautiful, and have the best Effect upon the Audience. There are several Sorts of *Discoveries*: First, by certain *Marks* in the Body, either natural or accidental; such as that of *Ulysses*, who having received a Wound in his Thigh by a Boar, before the *Trojan War*, is discovered by the old Nurse upon washing his Legs after his Return home *incognito*. Secondly, by *Tokens*; as the Casket of Things, which the Priest found with *Ion*, when he was exposed, discovers *Creusa*, whom he was going to kill, to be his Mother. Thirdly, by *Remembrance*; that is, when the Sight or Hearing of any Thing occasions

sions us to recollect our Misfortunes : Thus, when *Ulysses* heard *Demodocus* sing his Actions at the Siege of *Troy*, the Memory of them so affected him that he could not refrain from Tears, which discovered him to *Alcinous*. But the finest Discoveries are those which arise from the Subject, or Incidents of the Fable; as that of *Oedipus* from his excessive Curiosity; or that of *Orestes*, when he discovers *Iphigenia* by a Letter sent by *Pylades*, which it was natural for her to send on that Occasion.

Thus I have laid down the chief Rules and Observations relating to the *Drama*, as they have been delivered to us by the greatest Critics ancient and modern : But the Reader will excuse my not giving him an Example of *Tragedy*, for the Reason mentioned at the Conclusion of the foregoing Chapter. Whoever would thoroughly understand the Nature of this Part of
Dramatic

Dramatic Poesy, let him carefully study *Shakespear*, *Otway*. *Lee*, *Rowe*, *Dryden*, and other Tragic Writers of established Reputation. — We now come to the *Epic Poem*, the most difficult of all others.

C H A P. XII.

Of the EPIC or HEROIC Poem.

Q. **W**HAT is an *Epic Poem* ?

A. It is a Discourse invented with *Art*, to form the *Manners*, by Instructions disguised under the *Allegory* of an important *Action*, related in *Verse*, in a *probable*, *entertaining*, and *surprising* Manner.

Q. What distinguishes an *Epic* from a *Dramatic Poem* ?

A. Its

A. Its being a *Narration*, that is, *related* by the Poet, not *acted* by Persons introduced for that Purpose.

2. Which are the chief Things to be considered in an *Epic Poem*?

A. The first is the *Fable*, that is, the *Form* and artful Representation of the *Action*, which is the *Matter* of the Poem; and as the Action is more or less perfect, so is the Fable. The Action in an Epic Poem, as well as in Tragedy must be *One*, not all the Actions of a Person's Life; and on this principal Action must all the *Episodes*, or *Under Actions*, be dependent. It must likewise be *entire*, that is, complete in all its Parts; or, as *Aristotle* describes it, have a *Beginning*, a *Middle*, and an *End*. Nothing should go before, be intermixed with, or follow this main Action, but what is related to it; nor should any single Step be omitted in that just and regular Process which it must

must be supposed to take from its Origin to its Consummation. The *Epic* Action ought also to be *great*, suitable to the Dignity of *Princes, Heroes, and illustrious Persons*, and to the very Nature of an *Heroic Poem*. As to its *Duration*, it is not circumscribed within any limited Time; but the warmer and more violent the Action is, the less must be its Continuance: Thus the *Iliad*, whose Subject is the Anger of *Achilles*, contains only forty seven Days; but the *Æneid*, whose Hero is of a quite different Character, takes up almost seven Years.

Q. What are the Rules relating to the *Manners, Sentiments, and Diction* of an *Heroic Poem*?

A. The *Manners* and *Sentiments* fall under the same Rules as those of *Tragedy*: And as to the *Diction*, it ought to be *perspicuous*, but at the same Time *figurative, noble, and sublime*. — See M. Boileau's

M. Boileau's Thoughts upon Epic Poetry in the following Verses :

Would you your Reader never should be tir'd ?
 Chu'e some great *Hero* fit to be admir'd,
 In Courage signal, and in Virtue bright ;
 Let ev'n his Imperfections give Delight ;
 Let his great Actions our Attention bind :
 Like *Cæsar*, or like *Scipio*, frame his Mind ;
 And not like *Oedipus's* pejur'd Race :
 A common Conqueror is a Theme too base.

Be your Beginning plain, and take good Heed
 Too soon you mount not on the airy Steed ;
 Nor tell y^r Reader, in a thund'ring Verse,
I sing the Conqueror of the Universe.

What can an Author after this produce ?
The lab'ring Mountain must bring forth a Mouse.

Chu'e not your *Tale* of *Incidents* too full ;
 Too much Variety may make it dull.
Achilles' Rage alone, when wrought with Skill,
 Abundantly does a whole *Iliad* fill.

Be your Narrations *lively, short, and smart* ;
 In your Descriptions shew your noblest Art :
 'Tis there your Poetry may be employ'd ;
 But ev'ry trivial Circumstance avoid.
 Let no mean Objects stay the curious Sight ;
 Allow your Work a just and noble Flight.

With

With *Figures* numberless your Story grace,
 And ev'ry Thing in beauteous Colours trace :
 At once you may be *pleasing* and *sublime*,
 And scorn a *heavy melancholy Rhyme*.

Thus *Homer's* Works vast Treasures do unfold,
 And whatsoe'er he touches turns to Gold.
 All in his Hands new Beauty does acquire ;
 He always pleases, and can never tire.
 A happy Warmth he ev'ry where may boast,
 Nor is he in too long Digressions lost.
 His Verses without Rule a Method find,
 And of themselves appear in Order join'd.
 All without Trouble answers his Intent,
 Each Syllable still tending to th' Event.
 Let his Example your Endeavours raise ;
 To love his Writings is a Kind of Praise.

To say much more upon this Subject
 would swell our Work beyond its in-
 tended Size, and be of very little Ser-
 vice to the Generality of Readers, the
Epic Poem being not to be undertaken
 but by a most *elevated* and *uncommon*
 Genius, such a one as does not ap-
 pear in the World in the Compass of
 many Ages. *Homer, Virgil, Milton, and*
Tasso,

Tasso, are the chief, if not the only Epic Poets that three thousand Years have produced; for though several others have attempted this sublime Species of Poetry, they have only shewn their own Rashness, and how unequal they were to such an arduous Enterprize.

The Length of an Epic Poem does not permit me to insert one here; but I cannot leave the Subject without quoting a few Passages from *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, to give the Reader a Taste, as it were, of the innumerable Beauties of their wonderful Performances. That *Episode*, wherein *Hector*, before he engages, takes leave of his Wife *Andromache*, and embraces his young Son *Ashtanax*, is one of the most beautiful and pathetic in the whole *Iliad*, the Poet having there assembled all that *Love*, *Grief*, and *Compassion* could inspire, and shewn that his Genius was as no less capable of touching the Heart

Heart with Tenderness, than of firing it with Glory. *Hector* not finding *Andromache* at home, is hastening to the Field, and accidentally meets her at one of the Gates of the City.

Hector this heard, return'd without Delay;
 Swift thro' the Town he trod his former Way,
 Thro' Streets of Palaces and Walks of State,
 And met the Mourner at the *Scæan* Gate.
 With Haste to meet him sprung the joyful Fair,
 His blameless Wife, *Ætion's* wealthy Heir:
 The Nurse stood near, in whose Embraces prest,
 His only Hope hung smiling at her Breast,
 Whom each soft Charm and early Grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born Star that gilds the Morn.
 Silent the Warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender Passions all his mighty Mind:
 His beauteous Princess cast a mournful Look,
 Hung on his Hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her Bosom labour'd with a boding Sigh,
 And the big Tear stood trembling in her Eye.
 Too daring Prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
 Ah too forgetful of thy Wife and Son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A Widow I, an helpless Orphan he!

For

For sure such Courage Length of Life denies,
 And thou must fall thy Virtue's Sacrifice.
Greece in her single Heroes strove in vain;
 Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh, grant me, Gods, ere *Hector* meets his Doom,
 All I can ask of Heav'n, an early Tomb!
 So shall my Days in one sad Tenor run,
 And end with Sorrows as they first begun.
 No Parent now remains my Grief to share,
 No Father's Aid, no Mother's tender Care.

After having made a pretty long Digression upon the Greatness of her past Calamities in the Loss of her Parents and seven Brothers, she thus proceeds:

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
 My Father, Mother, Brethren, all in thee.
 Alas! my Parents, Brothers, Kindred, all,
 Once more will perish if my *Hector* fall.
 Thy Wife, thy Infant, in thy Danger share:
 Oh prove a Husband's and a Father's Care!
 Let others in the Field their Arms employ,
 But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

Hector having answered *Andromache* in a Manner equally noble and affectionate,

— Th'illustrious Chief of *Troy*
 Stretch'd his fond Arms to clasp the lovely Boy;
 The Babe clung crying to his Nurse's Breast,
 Scar'd at the dazzling Helm and nodding Crest.
 With secret Pleasure each fond Parent smil'd,
 And *Hector* hasted to relieve his Child,
 The glitt'ring Terrors from his Brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming Helmet on the Ground:
 Then kiss'd the Child, and lifting high in Air,
 Thus to the Gods prefer'd a Father's Pray'r.

O thou, whose Glory fills th'æthereal Throne,
 And all ye deathless Pow'rs, protect my Son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just Renown,
 To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the Crown,
 Against his Country's Foes the War to wage,
 And rise the *Hector* of the future Age!
 So when, triumphant from successful Toils,
 Of Heroes slain he bears the reeking Spoils,
 Whole Hosts may hail him with deserv'd Acclaim,
 And say, This Chief transcends his Father's Fame;
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral Shouts of *Troy*,
 His Mother's conscious Heart o'erflows with Joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her Charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing Burden to her Arms:
 Soft on her fragrant Breast the Babe she laid,
 Hush'd to Repose, and with a Smile survey'd.
 The troubled Pleasure soon chas'd by Fear,
 She mingled with the Smile a tender Tear.

Never

Never (as the excellent Translator observes) was a finer Piece of Painting than this. *Hector* extends his Arms to embrace his Child, who, affrighted at the glittering of his Helmet and the Nodding of the Plume, shrinks back into the Bosom of his Nurse. The Chief unbraces his Helmet, lays it on the Ground, takes the Infant in his Arms, lifts him towards Heaven, and offers a Prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to his Mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a Smile of Pleasure, but at the same Time her Fears for her Husband make her burst into Tears. After another short Speech, wherein *Hector* endeavours to allay his Wife's Affliction, and advises her to mind her domestic Employments, while he obeys the Call of Honour, and acts in the proper Character of a Hero.

— The glorious Chief resumes
 His tow'ry Helmet, black with shading Plumes ;
 His Princess parts with a prophetic Sigh,
 Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her Eye
 That stream'd at ev'ry Look ; then, moving slow,
 Sought her own Palace, and indulg'd her Woe.

I now come to *Virgil*, who has copied many of *Homer's* Beauties, and frequently surpassed the Original. It is not my Business to enter into a Comparison between these two Poets, or to determine which is the noblest and most perfect Composition of the Kind, the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. Each Poet has his peculiar Character and Excellencies ; and if *Homer* had more *Fire* and Fertility of *Invention*, it is allowed that *Virgil* far exceeded him in the Accuracy of his *Judgment*.—But to pursue our present Design : The first Passage I shall take from *Virgil*, (I mean from Mr. *Patt's* excellent Translation) is that noble Description of a Storm which
Æolus

Æolus raises at the Request of *Juno*, in order to destroy *Aneas's* Fleet. The God having pierced with his Spear the Mountain where the Winds were kept in Confinement, they rush out with the utmost Impetuosity and Fury.

The Winds, embattled, as the Mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the Vent:
Earth, in their Course, with giddy Whirls they
sweep,

Rush to the Seas, and bare the Bosom of the Deep:
East, West, and South, all black with Tempests
roar,

And roll vast Billows to the trembling Shore.
The Cordage cracks; with unavailing Cries
The *Trojans* mourn, while sudden Clouds arise,
And ravish from their Sight the Splendor of
the Skies. }

Night hovers o'er the Floods; the Day retires;
The Heav'ns flash thick with momentary Fires;
Loud Thunders shake the Poles; from ev'ry Place
Grim Death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry Face.

The Account of *Neptune's* appeasing
the Storm, and the Simile introduced

by the Poet on that Occasion, are like
wise extremely beautiful.

He spoke, and speaking chas'd the Clouds away,
Hush'd the loud Billows, and restor'd the Day.
With his huge Trident the majestic God
Clear'd the wild *Syrtes*, and compos'd the Flood:
Then mounted on his radiant Car he rides,
And wheels along the level of the Tides.
As when Sedition fires th'ignoble Crowd,
And the wild Rabble storms, and thirsts for Blood;
Of Stones and Brand a mingled Tempest flies,
With all the sudden Arms that Rage supplies:
If some grave Sire appears amid the Strife,
In Morals strict and Innocence of Life,
All stand attentive, while the Sage controuls
Their Wrath, and calms the Tumult of their
Souls.

So did the roaring Deep's their Rage compose,
When the great Father of the Floods arose.
Rapt by his Steeds, he flies in open Day,
Throws up the Reins, and skims the wat'ry Way.

Virgil's Description of the Silence of
the Night, in the fourth Book of the
Aeneid, is deservedly admired, being
one of the most elegant and natural in
the whole Poem. 'Twas

'Twas Night; and, weary with the Toils of Day,
 In soft Repose the whole Creation lay.
 The Murmurs of the Groves and Surges die,
 The Stars roll solemn thro' the glowing Sky;
 Wide o'er the Fields a brooding Silence reigns,
 The Flocks lie stretch'd along the Flow'ry Plains;
 The furious Savages that haunt the Woods,
 The painted Birds, the Fishes of the Floods;
 All, all, beneath the gen'ral Darkness, share
 In Sleep a soft Forgetfulness of Care.

Let us now look into *Milton's Paradise Lost*, a Work. which is an Honour to our Country, and is at least equal to either the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* in all the Beauties that are essential to Epic Poetry. As *Milton's* Genius (says Mr. *Addison*) was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the noblest that could have entered into the Mind of Man. Every Thing that is truly great and astonishing has a Place in it: The whole System of the intellectual World; the Chaos, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth, and Hell, enter into the Constitution

tution of his Poem. The Greatness of his Thoughts is answerable to the Greatness of his Subject: and by a Choice of the noblest Words and Phrases, he has carried our Language to a higher Pitch than any *English* Poet ever did before him, and made the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments. He has likewise enriched our Language, with several Words of his own coining, especially *compound Epithets*, in which he seems to have imitated *Homer*. And here let me observe, that *Epithets* judiciously chosen and properly applied are some of the most agreeable Ornaments of Poetry, which without them would be *lifeless* and *insipid*; but then, I say, they must be used with Discretion and suited to the Nature of the Subject, not forced into the Verse merely to help out the Measure, without any Justness or Propriety; of which Fault, if I am not mistaken, *Homer* is too often guilty.

As

As *Milton's* Poem is written in *Blank Verse*, he has naturalized several foreign Modes of Speech, which Rhyme will seldom admit of; as placing the Adjective after the Substantive, and other Transpositions. This Turn of Expression is not only agreeable to the Practice of the Ancients, but even in the *English* Language, adds much to the Grandeur and Majesty of a Poem, when managed with Care and Judgment. The Poet has also interspersed several old Words throughout his Work, which makes it appear the more venerable, and gives it the greater Air of Antiquity. Upon the Whole, *Milton's* Stile is admirable, though in some Places it has too much Stiffness and Obscurity.—But let him speak for himself.

In the first Book of this Poem, after the dreadful Overthrow and Fall of the Angels from Heaven, we have a Description of *Satan's* Posture on the burning
ing

ing Lake, his rising from it, and his Shield and Spear, which is an Instance of the Poet's lofty Imagination, and sufficient to strike Terror into the Mind of the Reader.

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate,
 With Head up-lift above the Wave, and Eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts beside
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a Rood ———
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature; on each Hand the Flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and
 roll'd

In Billows, leave i'th' Midst a horrid Vale.
 Then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
 That felt unusual Weight ———

——— His pond'rous Shield,
 Ethereal Temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad Circumference
 Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Thro' Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artists view
 At Ev'ning. from the Top of *Fesole*,
 Or in *Valderno*, to descry new Lands,

Rivers,

Rivers, or Mountains, on her spotted Globe.
 His Spear (to equal which the tallest Pine,
 Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills to be the Mast
 Of some great Admiral, were but a Wand)
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy Steps
 Over the burning Marl — —

Satan's Speech to the Sun is one of
 the finest that is ascribed to him in the
 whole Poem, the Opening of which is
 very bold and noble.

O thou, that with surpassing Glory crown'd
 Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
 Of this new World; at whose Sight all the Stars
 Hide their diminish'd Heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly Voice, and add thy Name,
 O *Sun!* to tell thee how I hate thy Beams,
 That bring to my Remembrance from what State
 I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere.

The Description of *Satan* preparing
 himself for Combat is truly sublime,
 and equal to that of *Discord* in *Homer*,
 or of *Fame* in *Virgil*.

— *Satan*

— — — *Satan* alarm'd,
Collecting all his Might, dilated flood
Like *Teneriff*, or *Atlas*, unremov'd :
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat Horror plum'd — —

But perhaps there is not a greater Instance of Sublimity in the whole Poem, (as an excellent Critic has observed) than where the *Messiah* is represented at the Head of his Angels, as calming the Confusion of the *Chaos*, riding into the Midst of it, and drawing the first Out-line of the Creation.

On heav'nly Ground they stood, and from the
Shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyfs,
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild ;
Up from the Bottom torn'd by furious Winds
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the Center mix the
Pole.

Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, Peace !
Said then th'omnific Word, *your Discord end :*
Nor stay'd ; but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted,

Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode
 Far into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;
 For *Chaos* heard his Voice. Him all his Train
 Follow'd in bright Procession, to behold
 Creation, and the Wonders of his Might.
 Then stay'd the fervid Wheels, and in his Hand
 He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
 In God's eternal Store to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created Things.
 One Foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round, through the vast Profundity obscure;
 And said, *Thus far extend, thus far thy Bounds,*
This be thy just Circumference, O World!

The *Messiah's* Return into Heaven,
 after having finished his great Work of
 Creation, is represented with the same
 wonderful Sublimity both of Sentiments
 and Expression.

— — The Creator from his Work
 Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high Abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World,
 Th' Addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In Prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great Idea: Up he rode,
 Follow'd

Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harp, that tun'd
 Angelic Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
 Resounding — — — —

The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their Station list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
*Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living Doors; Let in
 The great Creator from his Work return'd
 Magnificent, his six Days Work, a World!*

The Description of *Adam* and *Eve* in
 their State of Innocence, as they first
 appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn;
 and well might the Poet represent the
 fallen Angel as gazing upon this happy
 Pair with Astonishment and Envy.

Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
 God like erect! with native Honour clad,
 In naked Majesty, seem'd Lords of all;
 And worthy seem'd: for in their Looks divine
 The Image of their glorious Maker shone;
 Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
 Severe, but in true filial Freedom plac'd:
 For Contemplation *be* and Valour form'd,

For

For softness *she* and sweet attractive Grace;
He for God only, *she* for God in him.
 His fair large Front, and Eye sublime, declar'd
 Absolute Rule; and Hyacinthen Locks
 Round from his parted Forelock manly hung
 Clust ring, but beneath his Shoulders broad.
 She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waist
 Her unadorned golden Tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd.
 So pass'd they naked on. nor shun'd the Sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no Ill:
 So Hand in Hand they pass'd, the loveliest Pair
 That ever since in Love's Embraces met.

After the Fall of our first Parents from their State of Innocence and Happiness, the Poet has filled their Speeches with such Sentiments as not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but raise in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. Who can forbear sympathizing with *Adam* in his Distress, whilst he wishes for Death, and bewails his Existence?

— Why

— — — — Why delays
 His Hand to execute, what his Decree
 Fix'd on this Day? Why do I over-live?
 Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless Pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
 As in my Mother's Lap! There should I rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful Voice no more
 Would Thunder in my Ears; no Fear of worse
 To me and to my Offspring would torment me
 With cruel Expectation — —

The Complaint of *Eve*, upon hearing
 that she was to be removed from the
Garden of Paradise, is particularly beautiful;
 the Thoughts being full of Softness,
 and suitable to a Woman's Character.

Must I then leave thee, *Paradise*? thus leave
 Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,
 Fit Haunt of Gods? where I had Hope to spend
 Quiet, tho' sad, the Respite of that Day
 That must be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early Visitation, and my last

At

At Ev'n, which I bred up with tender Hand
 From the first op'ning Bud, and gave you Names;
 Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
 Your Tribes, and water from th'ambrosial Fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial Bow'r, by me adorn'd
 With what to Sight or Smell was sweet; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower World, to this obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other Air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?

The Speech of *Adam* upon the same
 Occasion abounds with Sentiments
 equally moving, but of a more mascu-
 line and elevated Turn. The follow-
 ing Passage in it is remarkably sublime
 and poetical.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence
 As from his Face I shall be hid, depriv'd
 His blessed Count'nance. Here I could frequent,
 With Worship, Place by Place where he vouchsaf'd
 Presence divine; and to my Sons relate,
 On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
 Stood visible, among these Pines his Voice
 I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd:
 So many grateful Altars I would rear

P

Of

Of grassy Turf, and pile up ev'ry Stone
 Of Lustre from the Brook, in Memory
 Or Monument to Ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling Gums, and Fruits, and Flowr's,
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek
 His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?
 For tho' I fled him angry, yet recall'd
 To Life prolong'd, and promis'd Race, I now
 Gladly behold tho' but his utmost Skirts
 Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.

I have now done with *Milton*; but I
 beg Leave (though perhaps it may seem
 foreign to the present Purpose) to cite
 one Passage from another of our Coun-
 trymen, I mean Mr. *Thomson*, who has
 happily imitated the Style and Numbers
 of *Milton*, as well as the Beauty and
 Sublimity of his Sentiments. In his
 Poem called *Summer*, he thus finely de-
 scribes the Pleasures of the Morning,
 and the Rising of the Sun.

Falsely luxurious, will not *Man* awake;
 And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
 The

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
 To Meditation due, and sacred Song?
 For is there ought in Sleep can charm the Wise?
 To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting Moments of too short a Life?
 Total Extinction of th'enlighten'd Soul!
 Or else to sev'rish Vanity alive,
 Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd Dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy State remain
 Longer than Nature craves, when ev'ry Muse
 And ev'ry blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious Morning-Walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
 Rejoicing in the East. The less'ning Cloud,
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
 Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Tow'rs, and wandring
 Streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer, Light!
 Of all material Beings first and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe!
 Without whose resting Beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential Gloom; And thou, O Sun!

Soul

Soul of furrounding Worlds, in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee!

Thus I have gone through the Task
I propos'd to myself, and have endeavour'd to give the Reader some Idea of every Species of Poetry that is worth his Notice. As to the *Acrostic*, the *Echo*, and such Kinds of false Wit, it would be spending Time to no Purpose to say any Thing about them,

F I N I S.

